

SPECIAL HARVEST FESTIVAL EDITION.

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 48

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



To Help the Poor, to Comfort the Sick, to Feed the Hungry, to Save the Sinners: That is what Your Contribution to Harvest Festival will Help us to Do!

Seasonable Savings

FROM OUR OFFICERS.

Why I Push H. F.

Because I believe it is necessary to cultivate a spirit of thankfulness to God for all His blessings to us. I have noticed in my own circle, and in the corps with my Division, where there has been a holding back in this way God has seemed to shut the windows of heaven and withhold His blessings. On the other hand, where there has been a thankful spirit, victory and blessing has invariably followed. It is also a grand way to show our love to God and fallen humanity, and to help to carry on this glorious war. I firmly believe in H. F. myself and do all I can to get the cheerful given, but hates a miser.—Yours for victory in H. F., T. C. Coughlin, Adjt.

How I Made My Last H. F. a Success.

In the first place I tried to get the sympathy of my associates, especially my J. S. M. Treasurer and Secretary, and I succeeded in doing. Then I arranged for the J. S. M. to take with her local half the target, giving them half the town and country. On the other hand, I was over the \$75, and when I had the \$15.75 and the Seniors \$30, thus sending us away over our target. I have started the same plan this year. My local officers are one with me, and already we have \$12 towards our target. With every soldier in the regiment to do their best, our target is bound to be smashed.

Here are three points which I think have helped me to collect successfully: Have your eyes open to see what the persons, of whom you wish to collect, have that would be useful to you for H. F.

Study the character you have to deal with before you tell him what your business is. There is a way in which you can get a man to do something, even if you talk about the farm for a while before the produce is asked for.

I go at it feeling, while my hand is in the hand of God, my Father owns it all and I will not be afraid to ask those He has blessed with little or much to give me some to help our noble work along.—Capt. A. Sloate.

Capt. Lewis Contributes His Experience.

I have many happy recollections of last year's Harvest Festival. The part of the country where my lot was cast had very little rain that summer, which hindered us somewhat. To make up for the deficiency two friends and myself went into the country to get a better crop, which I had to travel to good account. One kind friend hitched up his team and drove me 70 miles into the country. At one place they gave me a pig. I must confess he was a very bad specimen; he did not cause me the least trouble till we arrived at home.

The spiritual blessings which come from Harvest Festival are many. A "God-bless-you," a prayer and a song in this house and the other, and the prospects are bright. The good news will eventually bring its own harvest.

Why do I push the Harvest Festival? Because God commands the first fruits of all things increase. It comes as a great blessing, both spiritually and financially. Many more good things I might say, but I must defer. The secret of my successful collecting was no other than the fact that I had such a hearty good will as to give to Tague and Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Courtneymore. I say "God bless three comrades and others who so nobly assisted. This year finds me in beautiful Barrie, where the country looks so lovely and the prospects are bright. The Harvest Festival is now being in the morning. Capt. W. Lewis.

Capt. Brindley Advocates Tickets and Socials.

1st.—My last H. F. was made successful by using the Juniors and the ticket system. The ticket system does away with the auction sale business, which generally means a lot of hard work on the throat, and is not successful unless you have a good crowd and a good speaker. The ticket system you are able to place the market price on your goods, and your goods thereby bring you

better value. Last year I had my meeting and sale all over at 10 p.m., while at other years' sales by auction, I've auctioned from 9:30 to 12 p.m. trying to sell the goods.

2nd.—Let the Juniors have their own table or stall, and let them have the goods they collect. They will interest themselves more in their own target in this way. 3rd.—Another successful way sometimes is to have a social in connection with the sale. A lot of people will hunker when they wouldn't do anything else. I've had a social in connection with H. F. three times, and find it to work to advantage. Coffee and cake, or ice cream and cake, or cream and apple pie is most popular.—W. Brindley, Capt.

Bishop Blackburn Celebrated the First H. F.

Every year up to date I have struck my H. F. target, but not without faith and works, and lots of both. I believe I held the first Harvest Festival that was held in the Dominion. It was at Cobourg, my second corps, eleven years ago. I thought if a success could be made of it in England, why not in Canada? So I started off for the country. The first man I went to was a friend. He gave me the leave to pick the best barrel of apples in his orchard; none of your wind-blows, as so many people were willing to give. If you don't take them for the Lord the pigs will get them. I sent it out at a price of 10¢ per bushel, and it turned out as expected, a success. Every time I get my target from P. H. Q. by faith I can see it afar, but it becomes more visible every day until the day of reckoning, and we find it is all O. K.—S. Blackburn, Adjt.

How I Made H. F. a Success.

I had my target set before me, I knew it was wanted, and I believed the Harvest Festival offered was very necessary in order to help the old chieftain along, and to keep it in repair. In the first place I wanted it all, and I wanted to be studied and planned out, also that I should need a lot of the grace of God to help me to do my best, and not to give in to the voice of the flesh, crying out, "It's so hard to get money here. Don't stand any more of the abuse. It isn't necessary, and God doesn't require it. Now, don't go into this house, you know how the other people treated you in the last place."

I got up early in the morning, prayed that God would help me to do my best, open the hearts of the people, and show me the wisest way to approach them, and started out with as much boldness as I could muster up. Sometimes people would say, "Call again." I always did so.

Get good saleable things and don't let them go for half price. If a stranger or an old friend turns up unexpectedly, present the list and let them what you want. Always keep the list target figures in view and strive to wipe it out. Start right, and go on. The right way is to be cheerful, talk pains to explain the need and the wonderful use our Army has increased, and show them it's no more than they should do after the increase God has given them, and get them to consider how God has been blessing them of it all, and believe in doing it. He could destroy it in a much shorter time than it took them to get it.—Lieut. Normann.

Why Ensign Gamble Pushes H. F.

Why do I push Harvest Festival and try to get everyone else interested in it? Because I believe in the effort firstly myself with all my heart, and I believe, secondly, that the money raised by the effort is spent only for the extension of God's kingdom and the lifting up of the fallen humanity. I believe I am doing my best in leading the way in the spirit of what I say to others. I push the H. F. because I have found a Thanksgiving Harvest Festival has been a blessing and help to every soldier and they always prosper better after going into it with all their hearts.—I am yours to push it this year, A. Gamble, Ensign.

H. F. PROPHECIES

Of the Palmerston District Officer.

Hurrah for Harvest Festival! We folks in Palmerston District are not afraid of you, thank God. We have some faithful warriors around this part of the country who do not believe in being defeated. There is Listowel, under the command of Capt. Mathers and Lieut. Cook. Now you just wait those lasses, they'll smash their target of \$67. They have some real good collectors. Sergt.-Major Calder was champion collector in this District last S.-D., but nobody can tell at present who will be champion District holder for 1911. Brave Stephen Durrant travelled around the country last year and did splendidly, and I understand he is arranging to collect again this year.

There are some hustlers at Wingham, too, Capt. Branigan and Lieut. Crawford are in charge, and have great faith for the \$50. That wonderful man, J. S. S.-M. Plant, will get a great move on this year. He won 2nd prize in S.-D., and I shouldn't be surprised if he wins the championship. Treasurer Mooney, and others will do their part. Drayton has some loyal soldiers, led on by Capt. McDonald, who is aiming straight at the mark. He has got the Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Foreman we have no doubt but what he'll do a good thing. There is Sergt.-Major Senn and others who are as good as gold to help push on the war, and I shouldn't be surprised if he wins the championship. The Flying Squadron, The Wide-awakes, The Conquerors, The Trinne, The Friends' Stall, and the Juniors' Stall. The Juniors' target is \$25. Capt. Pynn lends the little ones in the H. F. effort. Capt. Pynn won a few victories in Amherstburg last year. Our most worthy J. S. S.-M. Blodgett and Sergt. Hawke will assist him.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will back my warriors for the year. I will let you know how we succeed and what soldier wins the prize. Prayer, faith, and works will do it.—Ensign W. Orchard.

Never Lost an H. F. Target

Ensign Nellie Smith, the live commander of the Bowmanville braves, called at the Editorial Lair and gave us some of her secrets of success.

"I have a secret, my target," she began, "but have always reached them, and sometimes gone over the same."

"I start, as a rule, one month before the H. F. Sunday and visit, personally, the good people of my district, and get material for plain and fancy sewing. I visit best places, explain the effort, and generally get what I want."

"No, I don't favor an auction sale. I always have stalls. I find it a great advantage. I have separate stalls for Seniors and Juniors, and separate targets. Then I have a lunch counter, with ice cream, pies, drinks, nuts, candies, etc., and a good place to which I try to draw a crowd. A good plan which I tried last year with success, was to make 100 little bouquets of flowers for the Juniors to sell among the crowd for 5¢ and 10¢ each. I sold the lot of them. If I ever auction anything off it is vegetables and fruits only, and then I put a reserve price on everything. I keep a list of all articles and enter my friends by explaining the object for which I am begging. I can recollect a number of staunch friends enlisted on our side in this manner. In that city I collected \$10 worth of goods in less than an hour."

"This year's prospects at Bowmanville are good. We have a very attractive quilt nearly ready. We picked a lot of rasperries and made vinegar for our drink-

still. Our Band of Love and Juniors are working; fancy chair cushions and so on. I enlisted both saved and unsaved in the endeavor, and I find a means to the sinner's heart in that fashion. A palatuer, an unsaved man, is painting now for me some panels and a top of cushions. I believe in work well laid out. My target is \$40, and will be smashed."

"Yours are getting on beautifully. Our officers are a lovely trim. Good-bye! I am in a hurry!"

THANKFUL

FOR SMALL MERCIES.

By CAPT. ARNOLD.

Some time ago, while recollecting the various experiences I have had since becoming a District Officer, one incident seemed to have especially fastened itself upon my mind.

The little happening which I am about to relate did not seem at the moment to be of much importance, but we will be sure to find it of great value when we learn that it was instrumental in leading one soul to Jesus, and what value can I put upon such?

Faster than the fastest motions could I thought of me, I am transferred to a small Western mining camp, where I had the privilege of opening fire.

Again I stand in that narrow street in the midst of our little open-air gathering. It is Sunday, and the usual noise of the ore carts passing down the streets has stopped. The mining men and women, one soul to Jesus, and what value can I put upon such?

Faster than the fastest motions could I thought of me, I am transferred to a small Western mining camp, where I had the privilege of opening fire. Again I stand in that narrow street in the midst of our little open-air gathering. It is Sunday, and the usual noise of the ore carts passing down the streets has stopped. The mining men and women, one soul to Jesus, and what value can I put upon such?

Those miners who are off shift, store clerks, etc., young and old, can be found there. The gathering has been looked, but apart from the seeking after vain pleasures, there is another reason why the hall is so crowded. It is a cold, dark and disagreeable December night.

Our crowd consists of only a few, who have found shelter from the rough winds under the verandah of an opposite grocery store, listen attentively, while we, to the best of our ability, deal with them about their eternal salvation. The gathering was for the most part about 35¢, which is considered a very small sum in this particular community. We, however, thanked our audience heartily, believing that God, by some special means, had provided for our needs. So He did.

Several weeks passed away. Neither the Lieutenant nor myself ever again mentioned the incident. Then farewell orders came. Our last meeting was held, and the large number of people attended the same. Among those who came to bid us farewell was an elderly, well-dressed gentleman, who made request for a few words. This appearance would lead you to imagine that he had seen better days. He addressed the audience somewhat in this manner:

"It is my duty to be here, and I must make a confession. Some weeks ago, on a Sunday night, the beating of the drum attracted me to the Salvation Army open-air meeting. Feeling very much down-hearted I had left my cabin in order to find relief for my miserable condition. I had been in the Salvation Army before in larger cities, but never was I so glad of the opportunity as on that night. One out of the ring asked for a collection, and I remember right up to this day, for so long, which the Captain thanked them in such a way that my heart was very much touched. It would have led anyone to think that he had found his fortune. The thought came to me, that when a person can do so much for so few cents, which the I should have been for all the good things God has seen fit to give to me. I looked at my condition in a different light, and with a new determination and fresh courage I returned to my old home, and I am now a member of the Salvation Army coming to this little place than I do."

Since then our friend has got properly converted and has become an active member of the local Fire Brigade in that small Western town.

It pays to be thankful, and there are more ways than one in which God uses His people.

The War at Hamilton, BERMUDA.

Adj. Matthews has said good-bye to Bermuda, after a stay of two years, during which time she was in charge of the District in general, and Hamilton corps in particular. We were really sorry to part with her, but as good Salvationists, we were prepared to say, "Thy will be done."

She left here on the 5th for her home in England to take a long-needed rest, her throat having completely given out.

Adj. Matthews is a real Salvationist, having had the pleasure of working with her for the past year and nine months. I have found her to be in every detail of her life, a pure, godly and faithful officer. She has spent fourteen years as an officer in Canada, and when the fight was hardest, was found amongst the faithful, loyal and true.

For the purpose of this article, the writer was enabled to get only a few minutes with the Adjutant before she left, and the interview took place amidst great excitement, pecking of trunks, and was continually interrupted by numbers of comrades and friends, eager to show their appreciation of her work here by many beautiful presents, which in years to come will bring back to her memory the pleasant months she stayed in beautiful Bermuda.

The Adjutant's Conversion.

The Adjutant hails from that lovely county, Devonshire, England, noted, as she used to say humorously for its ale, butter and cheese, but it has given something better than even that, for from sunny Devonshire hail the very cream of S. A. officers into our ranks. Adj. Matthews was saved when a little girl fourteen years of age. She was blessed with a godly father and mother, and this undoubtedly went far in the making of the officer she is to-day. Some time after her conversion, a dark, cold and snow swept over her family, for death paid a visit to the old homestead, and took away the dear mother. This was a severe blow, but Jesus was very pre-

ious at this time, and proved a source of comfort to the sorrowing ones.

Soon after this the Adjutant began to visit the S. A. meetings, and it was not long before she became an out-and-out Salvationist in Newton Albot corps. Her life as a soldier was uneventful, but at the end of two years she felt called upon by God to offer herself for the work. She obeyed the call, was accepted, trained in London under Miss Emma Booth (Mrs. Booth-Tucker), had a little slum experience in the London slums with the Field Commissioner, and then volunteered for Canada, where she has spent fourteen years working for God in the following corps: Elora, Simcoe, Richmond St. (Toronto), Berlin, Woodstock, Guelph, Brantford, Ottawa, Riverside (Toronto), Lippincott St. (Toronto), St. John N. B., St. John, Nfld., Fredrickson, N. B., Chatham, N. B., St. Stephen, N. B., Springhill N. S., and Hamilton, Ber.

She is well-known throughout the Provinces as the Training Home Mother.



Cadet Cecil Tatem,
A Hamilton, Berm., Convert.

and many capable officers now in the Field will remember her with pleasure. The Adjutant has worked hard in Bermuda, and left the Hamilton corps

and the District in a flourishing condition. She has been ably assisted by a good band of local officers, the most prominent are Cecil Tatem (Cadet), whose photo and testimony we forwarded. He farewelled the same time as the Adjutant, for the Training Home, St. John, and the following is his testimony:

Cadet Tatem's Testimony.

"I was once a vile sinner in the sight of God, bound by the strong chains of sin, but through the sincerity of Adjutant Matthews, and the other officers, I was convinced that there was sweet peace to be obtained by living a life of consistency before God. I am glad that on the 7th Nov., 1897, my life was changed by the power of God, and today, bless His Name! I am testifying beneath the sunshine of His presence. The way is growing brighter and Christ has become the centre attraction of my life. I am prepared to comply with the conditions of His word, and present myself a living sacrifice for His honor and glory."

Bro. Tatem takes with him the prayers of many for success in the Field. God bless him.

Our Sergeant-Major.

The Sergt.-Major of Hamilton corps is brother to Cadet Tatem, and we also forward his photo.

The Sergt.-Major has been brought out of the horrible pit of darkness and sin into God's most marvellous light through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. His conversion took place on the 14th January, 1896, at the time Adj. DesBrisay, Capt. Johnson and Forsythe were stationed with the corps.

Since then he has been proving that religion is the only thing in the world that can satisfy, and instead of being found in the saloon, you will find him night after night, and week after week, praising God in the Army barracks, and he says he is going forward to lift up the Blood-stained banner of the Cross.

Bandmaster Salters.

The next prominent local officer is Bandmaster Salters, to whom we owe so much for the splendid band of the Hamilton corps. The Bandmaster is a good

type of Salvationist, ever ready with his hands to do anything for the Kingdom of God. He says:

"I was a sinner deserving God's displeasure, but after listening to the officers of the Salvation Army, and their plain



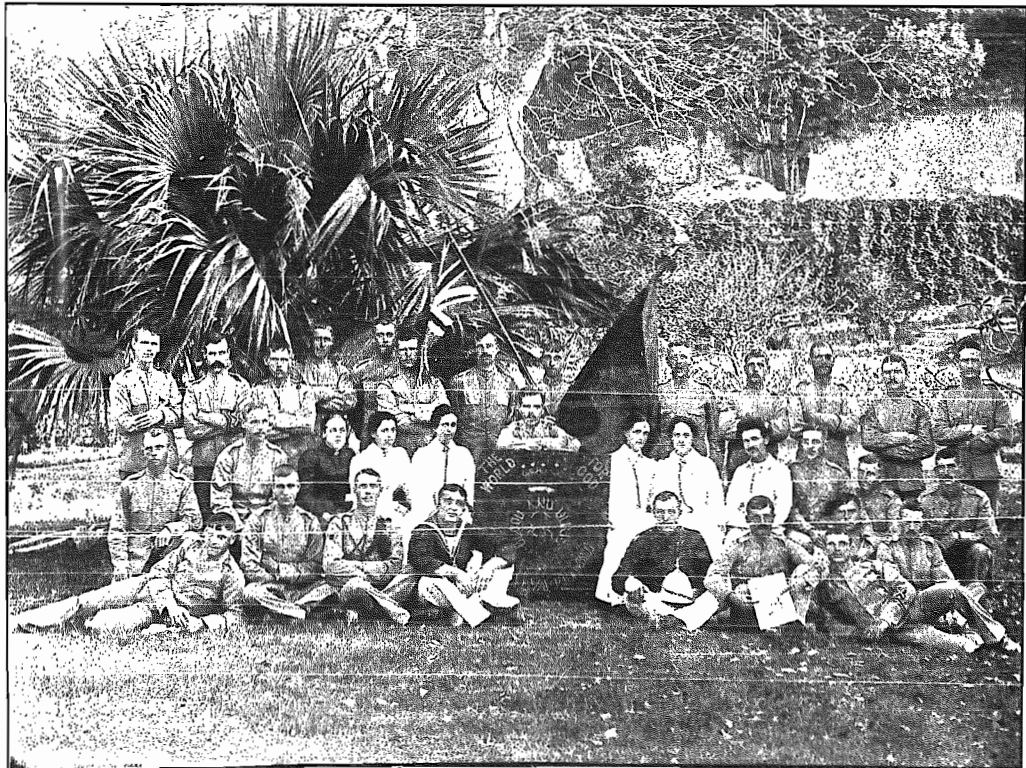
Secretary Searles,
Hamilton, Ber.

teaching of the love of God, the Spirit took hold of my heart, and for the last three years I have been rejoicing, with my family (all converted), in His great and glorious salvation; and my desire is to be faithful till He calls me up higher.

Brother Searles.

Another prominent member of the corps is Secretary Searles. Bro. Searles, whose duties bring him into close contact with the officers, is a good, God-fearing man not one of the noisiest, but one of the best. Here is his testimony in his own words:

"In January, 1896, when the S. A. opened in Bermuda, under Adjutant (then Ensign) DesBrisay, I attended their meetings, and, although at first their methods seemed strange, I soon saw



NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE, BERMUDA.



Sergt-Major Tatum,
Hamilton, Berm., Champion S.-D. Collector of
the Island. Collected \$33.00.

in their lives a reality and truth that those professing Christians with whom I had yet come in contact didn't seem to have. I thank God that through their teachings I was led to accept Christ as my own personal Saviour, and am willing to walk the path He has marked out for me. On Feb. 27th, 1898, I was enrolled by Adj. Matthews, who always stood up for the principles of right and truth; and to-day, praise God, finds me with the full assurance of sins forgiven, and a life at peace with God. Comrade Cecil Tatum, who was enrolled with me, has left for the Training Home, and although it is not my privilege to follow him, still I shall go forward to do what I can to extend God's Kingdom and do my duty as becomes a soldier, to stand by the new officers and the Flag even more faithfully than before.

A great feature of the work in Bermuda is the Naval and Military League. The Bermuda branch stands at present nearly fifty strong, and never was in such condition for fighting than at present.

Great victories have been won in the

past and still there are greater victories ahead. It has a Cadet system, by which a number of its members are being, to a great extent, fitted for the Field. Hallelujah! With Christ as the Leader of the League, we are going to pull down the strongholds of sin, wickedness and darkness, and establish His great Kingdom.

Adjutant and Mrs. Miller.

On Tuesday morning, 25th, at an early hour, a great crowd had assembled, accompanied by the Hamilton corps band, to greet Adj. and Mrs. Miller on their arrival by the S. S. "Trinidad." A right hearty reception was accorded them.



Bandsman Raynor,
Hamilton, Berm.

On Wednesday, 26th, a united public welcome meeting was held, and the hall was packed. The Adjutant said it was one of the warmest welcomes he had had ever received. The meeting from start to finish was running over with enthusiasm, and God was with us. Before the close of the meeting two souls were seeking salvation. Praise God!

Under the leadership of Adj. and Mrs. Miller we're going to march on and win souls for Christ.—W. J. C. Howe, War Cor.

HARVEST-TIDE.

A. D. COWAN.



The following words were suggested by a dream:—

I saw a large barn, in which a man was threshing out wheat. Two women were sitting upon the steps of the barn. One of them looked very weary, but a quiet smile of intense satisfaction lit up her face in the moonlight, as the flail threshed out a good supply of wheat, which she had been gleaning. The other woman was young and strong, but had been sleeping with her sickle in her hand. It was bright and new, and had not been used. The sound of the threshing aroused her. Oh! the horror and disappointment that leaped into her face as, looking up wildly into the moonlight, she realized it was evening, and she had nothing done, and no more opportunity of getting any sheaves at all. The application came by the Spirit's power to my heart. Better to be weary with the long day in the Master's harvest field, with the satisfaction at evening that the work was done, than to come to wake up when too late, and find life's glorious opportunities gone forever beyond our reach—no more chance of reaping.

"How Will it Be at Evening?"

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN.

How will it be at evening?
When the moonbeams' glistening light
Shall fall upon thy pathway,
In the still and silent night.
Will they rest in shining radiance
On ripe and golden sheaves,
That thy weary hands have gathered,
Or on dry and faded leaves?

How will it be at evening?
When the shadows are o'er
the land,
And thy homeward way is wended
With the sickle in thy hand;
And thy feet are hot and weary,

From the long and dusty way;
Will thy heart be quite contented
With the labors of the day?

What would it be at evening,
To wake in sad afright,
And find the day departed,
With its chances fair and bright?
No harvest treasure gathered;
No sheaves of golden grain!
Thy time all passed in dreaming,
To ne'er return again!

The reaper's arm is weary;
He toils till close of day;
But songs of sweet rejoicing
Now cheer his homeward way;
His heart is filled with gladness
At the glorious harvest home,
And the Master's commendation:
"My faithful child, well done!"

Oh, wake! Ye idle dreamers,
Who live in selfish ease,
And listen to the message
That floats upon the breeze:
"The fields are white to harvest,
The laborers are few;
The day is swiftly passing,
And Jesus calls for you."

FROM THE HEART.

It is related of Andrew Fuller, that on a begging tour for the cause of missions, he called on a certain wealthy nobleman to whom he was unknown, but who had heard much of Fuller's talents and piety. After he had stated to him the object of his visit, his lordship observed that he thought he should make him no donation. Dr. Fuller was preparing to return, when the nobleman remarked that there was one man to whom, if he could see him, he would give something for the mission, and that man was Andrew Fuller. Mr. Fuller immediately replied, "My name, sir, is Andrew Fuller." On this the nobleman, with some hesitation, gave him a guinea. Observing the indifference of the donor, Mr. Fuller looked him in the face with much gravity, and said, "Does this dona-

tion, sir, come from your heart? If it does not, I wish not to receive it." The nobleman was melted and overcome with this honest frankness, and taking from his purse ten guineas more, said, "There, sir, these come from my heart."

WANTED.

The following new or second-hand Bibles and Journals:
1st Corinet, numbers 1 to 120.
1st Baritone, numbers 1 to 30.
1st Tenor, numbers 31 to 60.
2nd Tenor, numbers 61 to 90.
Solo Euphonium, numbers 1 to 30.
Bb Bass, numbers 1 to 30.
Will landowners, or parties having any of the above books, and willing to dispose of them, please communicate with
THE TRADE SECRETARY,
18 Albert St., Toronto.



By SOPH.



THE WELL-KNOWN saying, "a place for everything and everything in its place," might with profit be altered to read, "A time for everything and everything in its time." We have no intention to discount

Paul's saying, as regards being "instant in season and out of season," yet it is most essential in a number of instances, and advantageous in all things, to be IN season.

For example, let us take the most typical of seasons, seed-time and harvest. We all know how essential it is that the seed should be in the ground at the proper season, especially in countries where the summer is short, and that, on the other hand, the harvest should be brought under cover as quickly as possible when the grain once is ready for reaping. Unwise, inexperienced or unobserving farmers may sow a week too early, and probably lose their crop through late frost. This will be especially well-known among those acquainted with our great North-West Territory. To be in season means, therefore, firstly, a certain knowledge of the climate and length of season, and, secondly, sufficient force of will (or, as the slang phrase most strikingly expresses it, sufficient "get") to do at once which we have conceived to be the thing to do at the present time.

One is as important as the other, yet we are more ready to excuse a failure caused through want of knowledge, than that caused through want of prompt action. Many an effort that ensured a great deal of expenditure of thought, strength, and money has proved unsatisfactory, or has failed altogether, by being made at the wrong time, just as much as if you sowed wheat in August. When the heart has been softened by tender and strong emotion we may often find an entrance and ready consideration

of the invitations of God which, with comparatively little effort, result in the salvation of a soul, which at other seasons, when surrounded by the gaieties of this world, would not listen, and would scoff at more eloquent and persevering entreaties. You would not play funeral marches at a wedding party, or whistle humorous airs to a grief-stricken heart, yet many are more foolish in their untimeliness of action. To the hungry

SOWING AND REAPING.



Came to the Shelter hungry and unable to find employment. Received food, bed, and was found work.

To-day he is book-keeper with excellent salary and of excellent standing.

SOWING AND REAPING.

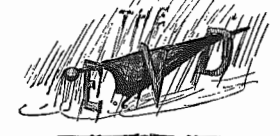
Was found a starving, ill-clad wretch on a wintry morning at a doorstep. Was taken to the Shelter and looked after.

To-day he is happy in the Home, and one of the brightest and most promising inmates.



saved, and waited in vain for someone to come and speak to him. No fishing was done in the meeting; he was passed by and he passed out into the night to become a criminal and eventually a murderer. On the other hand we call to remembrance the story printed in our last issue of a man who, by the kind word and an insignificant action of somebody who did the right thing at the right time, was prevented from carrying out the murder which he had resolved to commit that very day.

You are a soul-physician; you must go to the sick, not to the whole, then you will find there is plenty of opportunity to do the right thing at the right time, and your words will be like golden apples in pitchers of silver, while your actions be the healing balm for wounded hearts.



The Village Bank.

The Village Banks of India are doing good work, as the following incident, which took place in the Rambukhana Division, shows:

"A soldier, who is a member of the Bank, recently lost her husband, who was a terrible drunkard and gambler. Through his intemperance he was obliged to mortgage all his lands, which were valuable, for about three hundred rupees, upon which loan he had to pay about thirty per cent. interest. On his death the money-lender claimed settlement from the wife, knowing she had no money to meet the demand, and had also set on foot a scheme to prevent anyone in the village lending her the money to redeem the property, so that the money-lender would come in for the valuable property for the paltry sum of three hundred rupees. This would have meant ruin and starvation for the poor woman and her children. In the meantime the bank opened in the village; she became a member, borrowed the necessary amount from the bank, redeemed her lands, and mortgaged the same to the bank, which advanced her the money she needed at the rate of eight per cent."

Watch over thyself, sir thyself up, admonish thyself, and however it be with others, neglect not thyself.

[SOWING AND REAPING.

Hardly two years ago a Slum Sister entered a hovel where filth and disease abounded. She nursed the sick woman, washed the baby, scrubbed the floor, etc.



To-day the hovel is a clean house; the woman is saved and happy, and prayer prevails where curses used to abide.

man a piece of bread given will sew more eloquent language, and more persuasive of the practical Christianity of the donor, than yards of sermons. A shelter given to the homeless opens to the seed of eternity a heart to which no orator could compel an entrance.

In our great work of saving men and women for eternity, we find seasonable opportunities all round us: we need not wait for seasons to act, but we require judgment to direct our efforts so that we do the right thing under the existing circumstances: in other words, we must continually aim our actions to the state in which we find men. To give warning to the zealous and careless of the judgments of God is in season, but to urge them to come to the penitent form before they are convinced would be sowing wheat in December: out of season. To hold out to the despairing the mercy of God and to urge the sin-sick soul to seek His forgiveness, is seasonable, but to tell the man at the penitent form to "only believe," or that he is saved because he kneels there, etc., is out of season. True repentance and reformation must first plough the ground before faith's seed can come for to take root and bring pardon to the soul.

Don't let your effort be thoughtless—your fighting like beating the air, but aim—always have a target!

Only recently the Chief of the Staff wrote in the pages of the Cry the heart-rending account of a man who had come to our barracks expressly to get

THE WAR AMONG THE ZULUS.

By STAFF-CAPT. SMITH, D. O. for Zulu Work.



ADVANCE, solid and substantial, has been made among the dusky Zulus recently. We have been reaping more quickly than in previous years. To God be all the glory! The recording of the light in the Native War may be of interest to our readers.

Among many recent converts at Othric, South coast, we have the praise God for the salvation of a number of headmen. A headman is an individual of some importance among the Zulus. He may have one or more kraals under him, behaviour of his people living at them, and is looked up to by his people for all things. One Sunday (if I remember rightly it was when Commissioner and Col. McAlonan were at the corps) more than four or five headmen came to the penitent form.

Cut off His Ring.

One of them, Sifana, is a most striking case. He has attended the meetings occasionally for years. His wife professed conversion years ago, but through his opposition she did not hold on. However, the seed sown in his dark heart took root, and when he came to the penitent form he entirely gave up the use of atywalu (drinks, weed, tobacco), and insangu (a weed smoked by the Zulus, partaking of the nature of opium). He has since been very regular in his attendance upon the meetings, and shows in every way the change effected by conversion. The third Sunday after his salvation he came to the meeting with his ring cut off. I must explain that many of these headmen wear black rings, made from a gutta-percha-like material, round their heads. They are a distinct honor, and much prized by the Zulus, quite as much as a medal by the British soldier. Well, the ring was cut off. Never will I forget his testimony. He said, "When I came to the seat of repentance (penitent form), I left off drink, tobacco, and 'insangu,' and now, my friends, you see I have cut off my ring; the last thing I gave up; my back is turned to hell, and my face is looking to heaven, and I'll press on there. My wife is saved, my children are saved too, and we are now a happy family." This was delivered with all that natural flow of eloquence for which the natives are so noted. The shouts of joy among the soldiers were grand to hear. This headman's wife has cut off her head-dress, and testifies with fire and 'go,' while the children are proper Salvationists.

Another headman, Sigini, is a brother of our Secret-Major Umhango. It was very hard for him to yield, but he used to say, "If ever I become a Christian, I will be one like my brother; he is altogether right, and his heart is white." Praise God for such a testimony from an unsaved man; he is now saved, and really trying to be a Christian "like his brother."

No Mora Baer.

Then there is Mahlapulani, an old old soldier of King Mpsunde, who was the father of the famous King Cetshwayo, who fought with the English troops in 1879. He is a very old man now, but is still a straight chap, measuring 6 feet 3½ inches. He used to think he was saved because he came to the meetings, but gradually the light penetrated his poor old dark soul, and he came to the penitent form. It is very hard for the old men to give up their beer-drinking, after using it all their lives, the more so because it is so interwoven into their social and family life. For instance, if a man wants to build a hut, he makes a beer-feast and invites his neighbors to help him, the beer being the attraction. And so with any extra piece of work that wants doing. I hardly expected that the old chap would leave off the entire use of beer, but I hear that he will have nothing to do with it. Hallelujah!

Three or four years ago, a Zulu lassie of 15 years of age, gave her heart to God. She lived a consistent life at home, which gradually began to tell; one after another at home began to yield, till only the old father was left.



Praise the Lord, our hearts rejoiced to see him come out a few Sundays ago. He is doing well.

The work at some of the older stations is forging ahead. There was the season of breaking up fallow ground, fighting superstition and heathendom, sowing the seed, with comparative little result, but now month by month we are advancing, and that not only in soul-saving and soldier-making, but in organization. At several of the settlements outposts are being regularly worked, the meetings being carried on by the Sergeants and soldiers. These Sergeants gather the people together at different kraals, have a good salvation meeting, at which souls often profess to find salvation, and then they bring along their congregations to the central meetings at the barracks, where the penitents sometimes come to the penitent form, to show to all who know them that they accept Christ. These outpost meetings have been a great blessing. Some of the chief of them we have formed into societies.

A Headman's Dream.

Some years ago a headman, in the Lewis Settlement district, had a dream. In this dream he saw what a careless, and indifferent sinner he had been. His soul seemed to leave his body and go to the gate of Heaven. He wanted to enter, but he was told he was not fit. He was told to go to the Salvation Army officer, to attend the meetings, where he would learn the way of life. When he awoke, he sent for Captain King, and related his dream to him. The Captain dealt with him, with the result that he gave his heart to God. That erstwhile drinking headman is today the Sergeant-Major of the Lewis Settlement.

Another case that is developing beau-

tifully is Mahanjana, also a headman. He professed salvation some years ago, but would not give up the use of drink. We tried to reason with him, but apparently to no purpose. He still went to the beer-feasts, and did no end of harm by telling the people that the beer was food. He also said he was a Christian, and he used to say grace before the beer-feast. He used to ask the Lord to bless the beer to them. However, it was all to no purpose. The most of the Zulus knew and admitted that God was not pleased with the beer drinking. Poor old Mahanjana! It was only a case of "licking against the pricks." We dealt very straight with him, and at last had the joy of seeing him come right out to lay aside everything. What a change! The old man is a born orator. He holds forth in very forcible language and also lives the life, and consequently, is now a power for good. He is the father of Mbanbo, who has just gone to England with the Exhibition party. He came down to Durban to see the party off. And as this is his first visit to town he is full of wonder

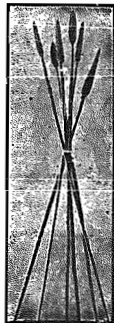


Zulu Witoh Doctor.

at the many sights he has seen. He spoke in the open-air, and told the people that he was astonished at all he had seen, but it was nothing like what he would see in heaven. I took him over the bar on to the "Garth Castle," which is conveying the party to England. He was simply speechless with astonishment.

I was much struck with the testimony of Nomanlana, Mbanbo's wife, who is accompanying him to England. She said, "Children of the white man, I have seen many wonderful sights to-day. I have seen your houses, your streets, your gardens, the crowds of people, and

many other things. I am eaten up with astonishment. You have learned, you know all, you are clever beyond degree, but what will all these things do for you on the Day of Judgment? You are not the beer-feasts, and did no end of harm by telling the people that the beer was food. He also said he was a Christian, and he used to say grace before the beer-feast. He used to ask the Lord to bless the beer to them. However, it was all to no purpose. The most of the Zulus knew and admitted that God was not pleased with the beer drinking. Poor old Mahanjana! It was only a case of "licking against the pricks." We dealt very straight with him, and at last had the joy of seeing him come right out to lay aside everything. What a change! The old man is a born orator. He holds forth in very forcible language and also lives the life, and consequently, is now a power for good. He is the father of Mbanbo, who has just gone to England with the Exhibition party. He came down to Durban to see the party off. And as this is his first visit to town he is full of wonder



Zulu Assegai.

so Nomanlana, who a few years ago sacrificed to the departed spirits of her ancestors in heathen darkness, passionately appealed to the white man to walk up to his light. God grant he may!

The foregoing article, which is full of interest, is rendered additionally attractive from the fact that several members of Staff-Capt. Smith's constituency are now at the Army Exhibition in London.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain. And these reciprocally these again. The mind and the conduct mutually imprint And stamp their image in each other's mind. —Cowper.

Keep thyself as a stranger and a pilgrim upon the earth, to wot on the thins of the world aperiunt no. Keep thine heart free, and lifted up towards God, for here have we no continuing city. To Him direct thy daily prayers with crying and tears, that thy spirit may be found worthy to pass happily after death unto its Lord.



PAY YOUR TRIBUTE.

The minor Chiefs and Kings of ancient history were compelled to bring an annual tribute to the ruler of the empire which had conquered them. This rule was rigidly enforced, as a perennial reminder to the conquered nation, as well as being required to sustain the government and expense of the army.

Likewise should we—who were once rebels against God and His just and wise government, but found pardon, mercy and benefits when we laid down the arms of rebellion against Him—be glad of the opportunity to return unto Him a willing share of the gain which we have obtained through His blessing, that by

so doing the cause of righteousness may be strengthened, the treasury of the Army may be filled to more vigorously prosecute the war against Sin and Selfishness, and our submission to His government may be signified. God exacts no compulsory tribute, but invites and rewards voluntary offerings. Let us give cheerfully and generously!



Weekly Watchword: The Imitation of Christ.

—
"Lead me, O Jesus, Thy Spirit give,
Then I'll be like Thee each day I live;
Cleansed in the Fountain, filled with the
Fire,
Nearing Thy likeness, grant my desire."

DAILY T.O.N.C.

SUNDAY.

In His Footsteps.—John xiii. 15.
We have abundant evidence in the fact that we are expected not only to accept the teaching of Christ, but to do His work, and to do it in His way. Only by such obedience can we reflect His likeness and attract and move mankind with the impulses of His grace. Christ in us—word, thought, and action—is our hope for influencing the world.

MONDAY.

Pure as He is Pure.—I. John iii. 3.
This is high ground, but God's standard declared through His Word. We could never hope to attain His ideal with sin's smallest stain upon mind or conscience. We may be so cleansed in heart that our every motive will be towards God, our every ambition centered on His Kingdom's advance: in this we shall be following our Great Example.

TUESDAY.

Like Him in Thought.—Phil. ii. 5.
The devil in our thoughts is in his subtlest form, and to have his influence wholly destroyed here is to have victory indeed. Let us claim and cultivate the mind of Christ, so that we may think His thoughts on the world's problems,

and judge all questions from His standpoint.

WEDNESDAY.

Like Him in Humility.—Matt. xi. 29.
This is a hard lesson. Man is not naturally humble. But in the follower of Christ pride is absolutely out of place, and one of the greatest obstacles in the way of nearing His likeness. Christ's humility stopped at no mental service for humanity, no lowering of dignity for others' good, no loss of reputation which meant the uplifting of the degraded and down-trodden—neither should ours.

THURSDAY.

Growing in His Grace and Glory.—II. Cor. iii. 12.

The more we have advanced in likeness to our Great Example, the more we may advance. There is no end to the spiritualising possibilities which may make and mould our nature. By constant and continual growth in grace, by daily upward steps in faith and love towards God and men, we may be conformed to the image of His Son.

FRIDAY.

His Life Made Manifest in Ours.—II. Cor. iv. 11.

It is to this end that we are to cultivate Christlike traits of character and Christlike acts in life. We are to be representatives of Himself. We are to be the living epistles known and read of all men in which the letters of His love for the lost are written. God help us, that in our deepest hearts we may be worthy of such a calling and unfailingly fulfil it.

SATURDAY.

When we see Christ Fully, 'Ye see His Reflection in us.—I. John iii. 2.
To see Christ in the Glorified and

must already have the reflections of His love and light in our hearts. And the more we are able, with spiritual vision, to see Jesus in our mortal life, the more of Himself will the world be able to detect in our life and labors.



The Result of Murmuring.

Numbers xii.

This lesson gives us a glance at some of the home circumstances of the life of the great law-giver. That they were not altogether harmonious is evidenced by the disunion which his brother and sister manifested towards him.

Aaron and Miriam were both remarkable for their natural abilities. The latter must have had a wonderful gift of song, for she led the triumph chorons after the passing through the Red Sea. Besides this she had the still more wonderful gift of prophecy, which enabled her to foresee and foretell. To Aaron was given the silver tongue of eloquence, the power of persuasive speech. His ability to talk effectively was so great that God had made him the mouth-piece of his brother, and thus the second agency through which He dealt with Israel. Both brother and sister were indeed contrasts to their retiring and humble brother, whose halting speech and unostentatious manner was the more

marked by the side of their brilliant ebarns.

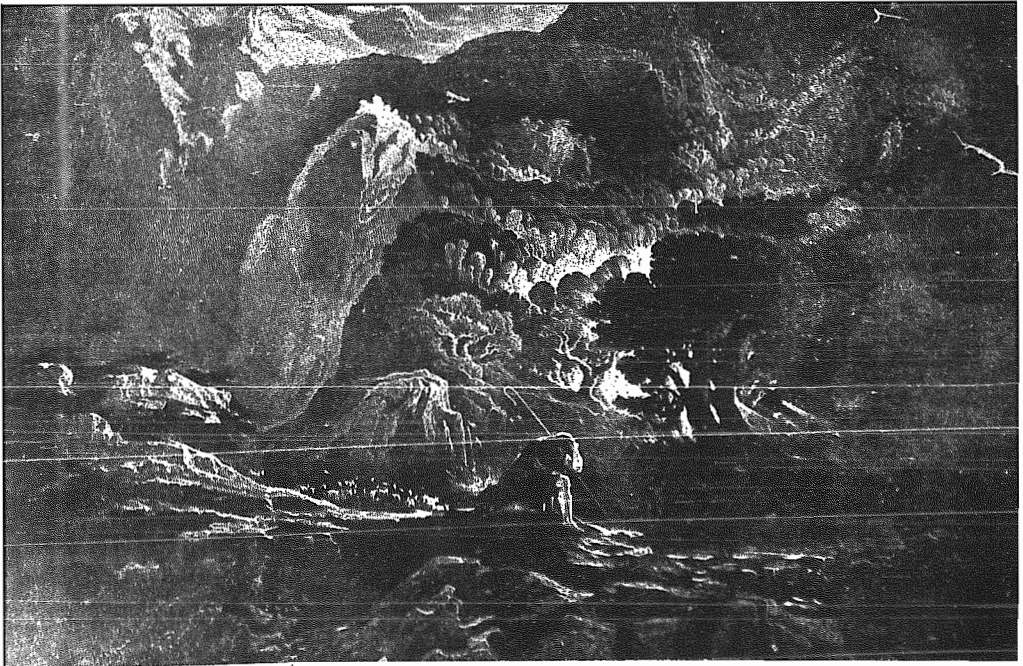
It is but an illustration or the oft demonstrated fact that natural ability in itself is no guarantee of God's good favor. How often has He delighted to exalt the humble and obscure in preference to the talented and popular. The question is not what we are, but of what use we can be to His Kingdom, which determines our position, and a simple heart overflowing with love to God will be of more service than a clever mind pre-occupied with its own interests.

Clever people as Aaron and Miriam were, they were not above stooping to harbor the meanest of vices which ever assailed the human heart—that of jealousy. Although they were already in positions of prominence, and sharers to some extent of the dignity of their brother's office, they envied his supreme command of the people, and stirred up strife and envy against him. Of course misery followed, as it always does, in the train of this hateful sin.

Especially is jealousy unreasonable and unjust when it is fostered towards those on whom the manifest favor of God rests, and who have been declared His chosen servants and leaders for their promise by miracle and other unmistakable signs. Aaron and Miriam were not ignorant of the call which had brought Moses into his present position. They had heard of the convincing moment on the lonely mountain side, when from out of the midst of the Fiery Bush the voice of Jehovah had bade the shrinking humility of His servant give place to the courage which puts God's interests first, even when it means publicity for self, which is little congenial or cared for.

The result of the murmuring was direct and dreadful, ill falling upon the envious. Punishment, sooner or later, must fall upon the soul which violates the commandment of God. "Thou shalt not covet." Jealousy rarely harms its object—it appears as though Justice steps in to protect the innocent, but it generally stabs with reactionary sorrow and distress the soul of the jealous.

Let us stamp out its most minute beginnings in our hearts, and by the power of pure love keep its insidious advances out of our life.



GOD SPEAKING TO MOSES FROM THE MIDST OF THE FIERY BUSH.



The Harvest Festival.

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

THE bugle-call of the War has signalled again the advance of the Harvest Festival battle. Since we last triumphed upon this ground many changes have taken place. Some who labored with us then have turned back and left us; some have gone to labor in other fields, and some have been called to the land far distant, where harvest is eternal. But we are here—here to tell the story of how all through the journey God's love remains the same, and, at this very hour, while the whole world abounds with manifestations of His goodness, and all nature is athrill with its anthem of praise, we would join in its chorus and let all nations hear our shout of gratitude. Who has more reason to let others know and profit by what God has done for us? His goodness has glorified our brightest days, and thrown back the shadows of our saddest nights. In sorrow's deep waters we have met His presence. Hemmed in by thickets of perplexity He has brought us out, making the more blessed their mystery by the after-explanation. Spent strength and arduous effort for the seeking of the lost have obtained for us threefold recompense in the joy God has given.

A Universal Blessing.

The Harvest Festival is an institution of universal blessing; it has proved to tens of thousands who have labored in its support how much more profitable it is to give than to receive. Then it is an endeavor in which the smallest and poorest can help—those to whose lot it has not fallen to either write or cash cheques may bring to the altar a share of the garden's produce, or with needle and thread make rich the treasury of the Lord. It is a powerful attraction for arresting the attention of numbers who know little of our organization, making us many new friends. Its importune demands introduce our Salvation work into scores of new homes which our officers would not visit otherwise. It is one of our readiest means for replenishing our war chest, from which supplies are furnished for new ammunition to all points of the Territory.

It speaks to a whole world our great reason for praise-giving, and our practical rendering of what we have in thank-offering.

Now, my dear comrades, as your leader I must ask you again to give me your help in this effort. We must not grow weary in well-doing, but let the accomplishments of the past pledge us to greater in the future. Don't let the devil trick you out of doing anything, because you can't do much. Don't let the devil persuade you to do little when you might do more. Don't say no to requests for your service when you could say yes! Remember as a saved soul, as a professed follower of Jesus, as a

soldier in His cause, there rests upon you a measure of responsibility for pushing His claims which you will never be able to shun. God will give the grace if you will supply the energy, and again ten thousand hands and hearts united in the bonds of love for God and souls, will compel a victory, surprising the world and even ourselves.

Special Importance.

To this particular Harvest Festival there is the additional importance attached of being the first since we embraced the vast propositions of the Century Scheme. It must keep pace with our other brilliant records. Need I say we must eclipse last year? Will not this be the cry of my every officer and soldier? Again, our best last year would not be our best now. Our position is stronger, our opportunity wider, our faith greater and our love for the Flag ever so much deeper.

There will be heavy difficulties to face in the battle, but let each opponent find us strong in the unseverable bond of unity, being one in determination for victory. So that in each striking we shall strike together—strike hard—strike high—strike until we strike the target, and a shout reaching to the uttermost parts of the Territory declares the unequalled triumph of 1899.

OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCILS AT LISGAR ST.

Our faith was a little doubtful as to what sort of spirits our people would be in after a day's outing the day previous at Lambton Mills. Promptly, however, at 9:30, with the exception of only one officer, who was a little late, we began our officers' council.

The key-note of the morning session was Harvest Festival. The Brigadier dealt with the matter in an intelligent manner, and no one after it ought to be in the dark as to what Harvest Festival money is really used for. After a few words from Major Turner, we separated for dinner.

Again at 2:30 God came especially near. The officers assembled apparently with good spiritual appetites for all that was in store for them in the afternoon meeting. The topic was, "How to secure our Harvest Festival Target." The Brigadier took his lesson from the 4th chapter of Nehemiah, verse 21, "So we labored in the work, and half of them

SOWING AND REAPING.



Was found in the street selling, yitue for bread and disgusted with life. She was persuaded to come to the Rescue Home, and there found salvation, socially and spiritually.

To-day she is the trusted and esteemed housemaid of a leading family in M—.



held the spears from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared." No Nehemiah's task, his difficulties, in building the walls of Jerusalem, the way he took up his work, and the glorious success that God gave him, were vividly portrayed by the Brigadier. In the singing of the song, "I will trust Thee," all the 30 officers present felt more than ever like looking to God, instead of allowing their circumstances to govern them. Many officers spoke of the great blessing received in connection with this meeting.

At night a most enthusiastic gathering was held. The soldiers had come together from Richmond St., Lippincott, and Dovercourt. Ensign Bale had a 15 minutes' prayer meeting, from 7:45 to 8 p.m. Promptly at 8 o'clock the Major gave out the old-timer, "My soul is now united to Christ, the Living Vio." After prayer the Brigadier explained to the assembled soldiers and officers the purpose of Harvest Festival, and its benefits to the corps. His explanations apparently gave a great deal of satisfaction to all present. The drum-head concert of Saturday night was given in evidence, and shawed by his face and the tears standing in his eyes, that God had done a great work for him. The Brigadier's subject to the soldiers was "In-as-much." He stated that these words were a favorite text in promoting all philanthropic endeavors, and if rightly applied can be made a great lever in promoting our work. Twelve raised their hands for fuller conversation in God's service, seven of the twelve came out publicly and surrendered themselves to God. Hallelujah!

Great credit is due to Ensign and Mrs. Fox in arranging meals for the officers on the premises.

We shall look forward to another gathering of this kind in the near future. Officers were present from the surround-

ing corps in addition to the city, among them the D. O.'s from Hamilton and Bowmanville.

The assurance received from every officers present was that the H. F. target would not only be secured, but in many instances would doubtless be left far behind.

STAFF SOLDIERS SEE A GLORIOUS DAY AT LIPPINCOTT.

Sunday night was a great time. God was mightily present. Adjt. Desbriens based his remarks on "Peter's Denial," which carried conviction. The soldiers were in the best of spirits and held on with prayer and faith, and presently they came, until we found seven kneeling at His feet. One dear man was completely overcome, and after the light had shone into his soul he kept repeating, "Eren me! Eren me!" The Bandmaster was more than happy. Private (Major) Collier made an excellent door-keeper. Bro. (Adjt.) Wiseman stuck to the drum. Bro. (Capt.) Curry had something very near approaching a glory fit. Private (Staff-Capt.) Creighton and your humble dust did a proper war dance. Oh, it was good to be there! In the wind-up Jake favored us with his favorite:

"I'm h-a-p-p-y,
I feel that I could fly,
And soar away to Jesus beyond the
starry sky;
My name is in the book,
You'll find it if you look,
I'm going to reign with Jesus hy-and-
bye."
J. S. Pugmire, Bandman.

Our Pacific Leader's Loss.

(Special.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Howell desire to express their appreciation and thanks for the many letters and messages of sympathy which they have received from comrades and friends after the death of their little Victor.

Mrs. Read at St. Catharines.

(By wire.)

Mrs. Read's visit to Garden City proved a splendid week-end. Good crowds attended, great interest was manifested. Mayor Keating presided at Social Meeting. League of Mercy was commissioned. Harvest Festival is O. K.—Ensign Williams.

SOWING AND REAPING.



Not many months ago he knelt at the penitent form with a wicked heart, a bad record—but repentant.



Recently he died triumphantly, his death-bed becoming the birth-place of another pardoned soul, while his is finally gathered into heaven's garner.



THEIR sheaves. To me that stilted pronoun seems of such significance that I would like to belittle it in all renderings. The sheaves that they brought to the celestial storehouse were their own—not bought or borrowed gifts fetched from the fields of others, but treasures taken from their own garner, gathered in their own particular corner of the great vineyard, and the offering of personal painstaking toil.

I know that the four following stories run the risk of the criticism, "More suitable for Self-Denial." But I ask does not "their sheaves" gain its emphasis from the fact of possession, and if a dear one of a certain amount of denial too, and even if this were not so I could not, and would not care otherwise to believe that the truest indication of a thankful heart is a spirit that wounds self in offering its gift.

The room was about the dustiest and ugliest imaginable. How could it help but be, for the only time that the sun ever made an inspection of it was so early in the morning that its rays, though bright, were very cold, and he did little more than throw a gleam

would give to carry out in full the direction of those words and cheer others with what God had cheered her. Instantly her eyes fell upon the sunbeam, already fading upon the attic floor. It had cheered her, but only for a moment, every day. Then a sweet little note reminded her of a joy which for months had been her chief solace—her little bird. Could it be that this was her greatest cheer—because, if so, would not its giving her the greatest evidence of her thanks.

Two days later the Army barracks was robed in its festive dress of thanksgiving gifts. Very pretty was the wheat festoons and well-groomed fruit and vegetables. But what attracted more attention than all these was the warbling note of a little caged songster perched amongst the golden grain. All through the service it stayed there, and when the song rang out, its shrill, sweet voice joined to the God of all room. There was no donor's ticket on the cage, and none but the Captain knew that those bird-notes sang a farewell song to one quiet woman in military uniform. Only God and the angels looked down upon the little room—now only cheered by the one solitary morning ray, and filled the heart of the ceaseless machine worker with music, which came from a heart which in some sweet way had said a "thank You" to the skies.

"This should not be allowed—cannot, shall not be." The voice was angry and distasteful, and it went on to mutter something about "sacrilege, desecration," and like kindred terms.

"What is the matter, Bro. Robson?" The J. S. Sergt.-Major's ears always seemed to hear even a whisper. (Perhaps that was why the tiny tots loved her so much.)



of good-morning across the floor before departing to identify more beautiful spots. Yet could the sun have known how much his daily visit meant in that war little room, perhaps he would have come oftener and stayed longer. Every morning the tired eyes of the worn-out woman on the little pallet bed, which, with a table, chair, and sewing-machine made up the sole furniture of the room, had leant to melancholy at the first brightening ray from the East, or whatever the hour she had sat by the light of a sputtering candle, turning the wheel of the machinist's instrument of torture, she never missed sunrise. It woke someone else up too, the only other occupant of the square spare chamber, somebody who smiled in song at the sight and nearly burst its tiny throat in inviting the sunbeam to stay.

One morning the young seamstress awoke with the troubled face of one who had slept with some question undecided. It was a plain appeal especially to the Army's own people to show their gratitude to God. "Out of the gifts with which God has cheered you, cheer others." These were the words which Janet Steen read, and this the point round which the problem revolved.

God had been good to her, she must thank Him this harvest day! But how? The pay which her hard toil brought was hardly sufficient to give her the scarcest food or pay the rent of the tiny lodging. She could give nothing out of that. Besides she felt how much she

than I have often seen grown-up people take when asked for a quarter from a well-filled purse. I wish you could have seen him when he brought the dog and trotted him up here. I don't know which was the sorriest to part. When he turned away he said to me so wistfully, "What if he shouldn't go," said Sergt.-Major? "If you have given him to God, dear, he would still be His, wouldn't he?" "Oh, yes. Well then, Sergt.-Major, I could give him away." "He won't have to do that," said Bro. Robson huskily. "I'll buy Wrizzles, and I know what I'll do with him, too."

Something laid up against a rainy day, was one of Mrs. Martha Middleton's pet proverbs. It was a home-made one, but no more the worse for that, than the stocking of homespun in which she carried it out.

Life had not gone smoothly with her since "her John," as she always spoke of him, first slept in the little cemetery under the hill. Martha was as thrifty as she was hard-working, and by sheer management and toil had continued to keep the little cottage and to put something in the stocking as well. She was now seventy-two and the rainy days had not come yet. Martha was still in the little cottages, and on her parish allowance managed to get along outside the edge of absolute need.



When the Harvest Festival collector put a sunshiny face round the door and presented her pretty blue card for granny's spectacled gaze, the old lady had not given her a very warm reception—giving had never been in her line, getting was more congenial.

Then the visitor had spoken about the goodness of God, how He had cared for the lonely woman all these years, and the claim upon gratitude which such homely giving had. Mrs. Middleton listened touched against her will. "But what has a poor old woman like I to give?" she said. "It's no good talking about 'out of your abundance' to me. Do you think one as lives on an allowance of a dollar a week, keeps a purse?" Then she stopped—for she thought of the stocking. She knew just where it lay behind the brick in the chimney corner, and just just how much there was in it, for she had been counting it that morning. Could some of its small store be the sacrifice that God wanted?

A minute or two later the brick was pulled out and the stocking laid on the table before the Salvationist's astonished eyes.

"Here you are, my dear," said Mrs. Middleton, her face gathering up three dollar bills from the little writhing roll and thrusting them into the girl's hand. "There's those as wants it more than me, and it's my thank-offering to the Lord. I'd kept it to give me a decent burying and buy a bit o' black for my Maria when I'm gone. But it's all right, God's been very good to me, and He shall have it. I trust Him for the rest," and then Mrs. Middleton meant to be very brave, some very real "ars fell upon the divided store, for the sacrifice of her thank-offering was more than in name.

Bob Bromley's pumpkins were the modest of his crops. His wife often said that she thought he'd rather miss his Christmas dinner than the prize in the county show. They were certainly fine specimens and had few rivals in the district. It was not only their size, but color and flavor which made them the admiration of the country critics at the show, and sent Bob home with the prize, the first prize two years running tucked in his pocket. To gain it for the third time was the ambition of Bob's heart, and to this end he had cared for his little garden with untiring care.

Just three weeks before the show day Bob and his wife got converted. Theirs

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH,

Will Conduct

TWO SPECIAL MEETINGS

in the

PAVILION, TORONTO,

on

Sunday, Sept. 3rd, at 3 and 7.30 p.m.

Subject for the Evening:

"ONE SIDE TOO HIGH."

were happy hearts and theirs a happy home after that. Then came the Harvest Festival, and, of course, both Bob and Mrs. Boh felt their grateful hearts urging them to some gift. It was the wife that thought of the pumpkins, and she prefaced her remarks with the aside, "but of course there's the show coming on."

So there was, but that did not dismiss the subject from Bob's mind. His wife raved by the way he fingered the last year's medals that night, and special visits that he paid to inspect the pumpkin corner that it had not. That night she heard him whispering, while they were praying, "The best for You, Jesus, the best for You." What? says some horrified somebody, praying about a pumpkin? Yes, dear reader, about anything that is precious to self and of possible service to God's war.

Next morning Mrs. Bromley saw her husband start off bright and early down the garden path with the prize pumpkin swinging from his hand. She knew well enough his errand, but womanly curiosity prompted one question:



"What, away so early," she called. "Are you taking it to the Fair already?"

"No," shouted Bob, his face now aglow. "I'm taking it to the barracks."

"Bless you," shouted his little wife, hurrying out to give him a kiss of approbation and sympathy. "It don't weigh heavy enough to show our gratitude to Him as has done so much for us. But what's that bag you've got in the other hand?" "Potatoes to tip the scale with," was Bob's reply.

Harvest Festival.

SPECIAL MEETINGS

Will be Conducted on

Sunday, August 27th,

as follows:

Lippincott—Lt.-Col. Margetts.

St. Catharines—Brig. Gaskin.

Lisgar St.—Brigadier Friedrich.

Temple—Brigadier Pugmire.

Newmarket—Brig. Mrs. Read.

Barrie—Major Collier.

Richmond St.—Staff-Captain

Creighton.

Cobourg—Staff-Capt. Manton.

Yorkville—Adjutant Wiseman.

Oshawa—Adjutant Adams.

Questions

For You to Answer

Go Your Heart.

By the TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.



LIEUT. COLONEL MARCELLUS.

1. Because God, in gracious consideration and infinite mercy to us, has favored us above and beyond our forefathers, by the temporal gifts He has given, by the national and spiritual privileges and freedom He has placed in our hands; by the sacrifice He has made in the life, death and resurrection of His Son for our soul's salvation; and by the abundance of produce, fruit and flowers with which He has blessed our land, should we be any the less thankful than were the Israelites of old?

2. If, according to custom, we expect, when we do a kindness to each other, to receive in return for the kindness exercised a "Thank you," what kind of a response of gratitude should we, as happy, healthy, God-favored, God-blessed people, make Him this harvest time?

3. What do the following verses mean if they do not instruct us to hold a Harvest Festival? "Thou shalt keep the first fruits of thy labors." Ex. xxiii. 15, 16. "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits." Ex. xxii. 20. "When ye shall have gathered in the fruits of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord." Lev. xxiii. 26.

4. Is it not a fact that the poor have a right to live? If so, how are they to do it without food to eat and clothing to wear?

5. "Thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. Thou shalt not GLEAN thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor," was the old law (See Lev. xix. 9-10). How did it help "hinders" do today. Now that science has taken the gleanings from the poor, has not the farmer all the greater right to give?

6. The Harvest Festival is an institution which puts the farmer, and in fact, all men in a position to come forward and help to feed and clothe God's poor! What will you do and give to help swell its resources?

7. If, when the Philippines and the United States are being ruptured by war, and France and Spain are agitated by internal strife and difficulty; if, while Russia is ravished by famine, and India and China by disease, our country is enjoying PEACE and PLENTY, how much do we, as a nation, and as individuals, owe to God on that account?

8. Seeing that the proceeds of the Harvest Festival help to pay off the debts of the poorer and struggling corps, to relieve the heavy strain upon the Provincial Funds, and to help furnish the where-withal to keep the Men's and Children's Shelters and Women's Rescue Homes going, will you not do your very UTMOST to lift the H. P. returns higher than they ever were?

9. If in '02 we raised \$3,013.21; in '03, \$20,219.18; in '04, \$7,110.98; in '05, \$6,763.77; in '06, \$14,729.68; in '07, \$13,729.68; and in '08, \$15,255.50, how

much ought we to raise this year, now that the scheme is better understood, and we are marching on in other directions?

10. Seeing that during the past three years we have made the following advances: increased 15 corps, 4 Rescue Homes, 7 Shelters, 50 officers, 1,305 local officers, 2,113 Senior Soldiers, 2,593 Junior Soldiers, 2,945 Band of Love members, 585 Junior Soldier companies weekly, and 6,414 Junior Soldiers attendance weekly; and that we supply to the poor 9,670 meals and 5,070 beds per month, more than we did then, besides caring for a higher number of fallen girls and helpless children, which means that our needs are all the greater, will you not help us to go further and faster still in the same direction?

11. Love thy neighbor as thyself is the one great law. In the light of this and the above facts, and if you knew that the H. P. could be the last public effort on earth in which you will engage, what kind of an effort would you make? Will you be as earnest and diligent as though you realized this was to be?

12. What do you purpose to do personally to make this year's H. P. as big a success, spiritually as financially? How much will you pray? What faith will you exercise? What work will you do? What sacrifices will you make to speak and deal with those around you about their precious, immortal soul's salvation? What chances will you give to God to bless YOUR OWN SOUL?

The Great Festivals.

A Brief History According to Scripture.

By STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

Harvest Festivals are no new creation with us. In fact this institution is as old as the history given of God's chosen people, the Jews. Where we only celebrate one, I find that these people of God had five great festivals, instituted by the Almighty Himself, viz.:

1. The Feast of the Passover (Easter time).
2. The Feast of Pentecost (Whitsunday).
3. The Feast of Tabernacles (autumn).
4. The Feast of Trumpets (autumn).
5. The Day of Atonement (autumn).

Besides these five yearly festivals two other great institutions, or feasts, though not by Divine appointment, viz. the Feast of Purim and the Feast of Dedication. The Feast of Purim (Lots) was instituted to commemorate the deliverance of the Jews from the plot of Haman. The Feast of Dedication was instituted to commemorate the re-dedication of the Temple, B. C. 160, to the service of God, after it had been profaned by Antiochus Epiphanes. This feast is still held on Dec. 25th, our Christmas Day.

The Feast of the Passover was instituted the night before Israel departed out of Egypt. We now celebrate the same time of the year as the resurrection of Christ, Who was crucified at this Festival.

The Ancient Harvest Festival.

The Feast of Pentecost was held fifty days after the Passover. It continued one day, and was instituted to thank God for the fruits of the wheat-harvest. It was originally called the Feast of Weeks, because it was held seven weeks after the Passover. Pentecost, the word is called Whitsunday, because the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles in the shape of "cloven tongues of fire." The Feast of Pentecost was the beginning of the Harvest Time Festival. "From such time as thou beginnest to put the sickle to the corn." "And thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God, thou and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man servant, and thy maid servant, and the Levite within thy gate, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow." "And thou shalt keep thy Feast of Weeks" unto the Lord thy God with a tribute, which thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God, according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee.

The Feast of Tabernacles finished up the Harvest Festival. It was held in September, lasting eight days, which

time the people dwelt in booths or tabernacles in commemoration of their sojourn in the wilderness. At this feast branches of olive, figs, and flowers were carried in procession. It was customary to carry in the right hand branches of palm willow and myrtle tied together, and in the left hand a bunch of citron with its fruits. These branches were called "Hosanna," and the last, or great day, "Hosanna in the Highest." This will explain why the people shouted these words when the Lord entered into Jerusalem on the anniversary of this very festival.

The Targets.

The annual number of animals offered up by the Jews in sacrifice was 11,001 lambs, 192 bullocks, 72 rams, 21 kids, 2 goats, besides all the sacrifices offered up by private individuals and the offering of bread, vegetables, oil, wine, etc. Wave offerings were placed by the hands of the Priest into the hands of the offerer and he waved them to and fro to indicate that God was possessor of both heaven and earth.

"They went not empty-handed," each man took with him the first born of all the cattle and his corn, and his oil (wheat), wine, and oil. God's promise that no thieves or spoilers should molest them on their way, nor injure their property during their absence was a standing miracle till the death of our Saviour.

Now, comrades, we are plainly taught that the harvest festival is of divine origin, and if we are to receive the blessing we must, alike to all other promises made to us, comply to and live in accordance with the conditions. It must be of the best that we offer unto the Lord, also it is to be a free-will offering for the many mercies and the goodness of God during the past year. Surely we cannot expect to follow our path with loving kindness. "We have so many coming to God continually for blessings empty-handed. Bring to God as God hath blessed you, and rich blessings will flow into your soul from Him Who giveth all things in His mercy and love. The poor were remembered in these feasts. "For the poor shall never cease out of the land, therefore I command thee saying, Thou shalt open thy hand wide to the poor, and to the needy of the land." Thus we shall ever seek in our Army efforts to lift amongst the poor and needy, and enter a rich harvest of precious souls to Jesus Christ, in the true and real sense which shall open up to us in eternity.

FOUR REPRESENTATIVES OF WEST ONTARIO.

ST. THOMAS.—Our hall on Sunday night was packed to the door, the attraction being a "Robe Meeting," given by the children. The meeting was very impressive. Although the weather was a little rainy, we believe much good was done. One of our little Juniors, Willie Matthews, said 23 War Crys on the streets last week. Willie is only six years old, and his mother is very proud of him. The Juniors had a picnic a short time ago. They had a good time.—B. G.

BLENNHEIM.—On Sunday we had one of the resident ministers with us. He took the platform and said some good things about the Army. Tuesday we had our worthy D. O. and his bright-eyed little wife and handsome Cot with us. Adj. and Mrs. Coumbs and child. Despite the intense heat we had a very good crowd. Harvest Festival is now on and we hope to eclipse any previous year.—J. G. Farmer.

PALMERSTON.—Palmerston and Lister held a united picnic on the 1st of August (Civic Holiday). The picnic was well attended by soldiers and friends of the S. A. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Palmerston adj. with his wife and child, appeared splendidly under the leadership of Capt. Major Blodgett, assisted by his staff of teachers and the warriors' brass band.—J. S. Worker.

HESPELER.—We are glad to say this morning that the prospects look bright for a grand victory. It is very satisfactory to say that on Sunday night every soldier was out for the open-air excepting one good old brother who lives in the country. Capt. and Mrs. Coy were out, and on Sunday with us; the meetings were good and well attended. The sinners wept over their wretched state, but none would yield. Every store on Main Street buys the War Cry; saying a thing in any town I never knew before.—Bro. Unow, for Capt. Stote.

Two Sudden Calls.

One Repented—The Other had no Chance.

I.

A few days ago I was called in the early morning to come and see a young woman who was dying. I hastened to the house, alas! only to find one who, despite the earnest pleadings of the Spirit of God, had gone from a Sunday night's meeting unconverted only a week or so before. That dreadful disease, consumption, had weakened her frame, and it was clear that she had but a short time to live. Oh, the anxiety that that soul manifested in that hour. Fully sensitive to the sad fact that she had wasted her time in sin, and willfully grieved God, and now soon must meet Him, she wept and wept in anguish. She cried out in agony, "It's now that I want salvation!"

We urged her to cast herself on God's mercy, which she did, and though at such a late hour, to all appearances obtained pardon she sought. But I say this not to encourage procrastination on your part, if still unsaved, but to magnify the love and mercy of God, Who is not willing that one should perish.

She lived a few days after and often expressed her thankfulness to God for His boundless mercy, and her desire to get strong enough to do something for Him, which seemed to me to be the strongest evidence of genuine conversion. She warned those unrepentant ones who visited her not to put off salvation as she did. Also promised to be a soldier if spared, but God willed it otherwise.

Some evening, just two weeks after her last visit to the barracks, her soul took its flight to meet God.

Tuesday afternoon we gave her an Army funeral, and laid her remains beside that of her soldier-brother, who for several years had been faithful worker at this corps, but had gone to Jesus a few months before, and perhaps in answer to whose prayers this soul had found mercy. We took advantage of the occasion to give the occasion to prepare to meet God. Seven souls knelt at the penitent form at the night meeting.

II.

While preparing for this funeral a message came to us, "Please go and tell Mrs. — of the loss of her husband on the banks." We went and performed this sad duty. The sad news fell almost like a death-blow on the poor woman's ears. About the first we heard from her was, "Gone and not saved! Gone and not saved!"

He, too, had been a regular attendant at the Army meetings, desiring and intending to get saved, but death overtook him sooner than he expected, and he is in all probability meet God unsaved.

Sinner, these warnings speak to you. Perhaps death will meet you when least you expect it. Watch and be ready.—M. B. Fortane, M.D.



Sister Renney, of Carbonara, Gone to Heaven.

Death has again visited our ranks and borne away one of our number to the realms of bliss. The chart was lowered on July 11th, and Sister Jessie Renney stepped in, after giving us to understand that she was not afraid to die. The funeral was held on the 14th, and, according to her father's wish, she was laid by the side of her mother in the Methodist Cemetery. Quite a crowd attended the funeral, and as we stood around the open grave and sang, "Should we Meet Beyond the River?" many a tear was shed, and once again we promised to meet each other on the other side.

Many a heart was touched, and we have no doubt but that the death of our young sister will be the means of raising to life some spiritually dead souls who have known her. Will on and ever on, be our motto.—Lieut. Trask, for Adj. M. Newnam.

And it speaks well for human nature that in spite of the fact that these women having to visit such places they are always received with courtesy. They say they are never insulted or treated badly. Even the drunken men seem to respect the quiet blue dress and the poke bonnet that is the Army uniform.—Ottawa Journal.

"The Greatest Religious Show on Earth."

A MAGNIFICENT OBJECT-LESSON

Sown in Difficulties 34 Years Ago—Harvested with Rejoicing
—Excellent Samples from all over the Globe.

The Second Exhibition of the Salvation Army at work in all lands, in all, or nearly all, its agencies, was opened to Private View on Saturday, July 22nd. There was a muster of 6,000 London Local Officers and friends, a preliminary review of the Foreign Representatives, and one of the most brilliant displays of international life that has ever been witnessed in London. This took place in the gigantic Auditorium. The delegates present at the Exhibition marched past the General, and the General delivered a stirring address. The General's first day's meetings resulted in the salvation of over one hundred souls. To God be all the glory.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

E are glad that the advantages to be derived from travel—once the monopoly of the rich—are now within the reach of all who possess even moderate means, but for those who do not possess even that, we have brought to them at this Exhibition the uttermost parts of the earth. There before them are people from every quarter of the globe, not merely dressed in the garments of the nations they represent, but at home.

The Laplanders hold their open-air in the snow by the native hut. Holland sits at home in its farm kitchen. India squats in red sand in the shade of its native hut. Africa crops in and out of its own built kraals, and so on and so on. Settling aside every other consideration, the man, woman or child who has a passion for foreign parts, and who is eager to mix with other nations, will find our second Exhibition a palace of enchantment.

Turning to the right as we enter is the space allotted to the Naval and Military League, under the superintendence of Major Allen and Ensign Murray. Here two artistically-painted scenes form a background, while above them cluster weapons of military warfare. Tents and sentry-boxes are set off by a picture of the Himalayas, while a model of the "Raby," built by one of our own men, hovers to and fro before a blue sea and white cliffs; beneath the feet are shingles from the seashore, on which the bolder strands—and never forgets to blow his bugle!

In front of our miniature Naval Exhibition is placed a revolving photographic stand, showing pictures of men at their various duties, also views of different parts of the earth, and those visitors who are especially interested in the League may purchase souvenirs in the shape of dusting-brushes, made by the men. A branch establishment similar in decorations, exists in the gallery, where articles contributed and made by the Janitors, are sold for the benefit of the League.

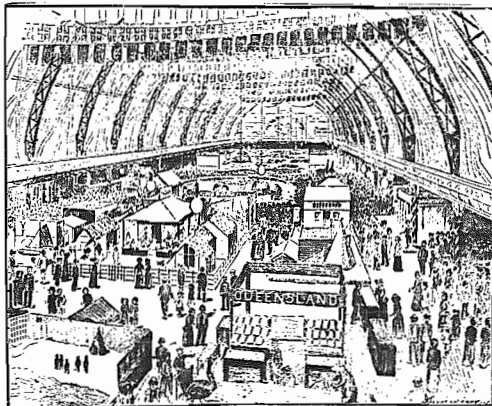
In another part of the hall the Chief-Staff's three eldest girls have a stall all to themselves, at which they sell various specimens of Naval and Military work. If they continue operations in the vigorous way they have begun, we fancy they will do "a roaring trade."

Occupying the extreme right-hand corner is the village war. Here a Van is situated, fitted up with sleeping and washing accommodation; open-air services are held here, also in the model village barracks, which, in the natural order of things, takes the place of the Van when the work has made sufficient headway.

When we passed the Village Barracks late in the afternoon, a meeting was in full swing. Diverging a few steps backward takes us into the Minor Hall, where the Lithographic Printers, Letterpress Printing, Photo-etching, Foundry, Compositors setting up War Cries, Electrical and Publication Departments; while the centre is occupied with Bookbinding and Matchmaking—all at work in full swing.

This is a Department that is well worth studying.

The space between the two flights of stairs leading to the gallery, is occupied by the International Headquarters, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, and Editorial.



THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE S. A. EXHIBITION.

On a line with these, we may mention for the benefit of our friends, is the refreshment stall and the entrance leading to the dining rooms.

Another exit, tempting in appearance is the abode of the Haddleigh Farm Colony.

In the Poultry Section are

A Large Number of Price Birds,

a peacock with a tail nearly a yard and a half long; also a pond on which a number of happy ducks are sporting themselves. In quarters close by is a horse with a foal born this year, and a nice little donkey. Three different kinds of sheep, some short-horn cows, pigs, and some baby pigs a few days old. Two observatory hives of bees, and some Farm Colony pots of honey for sale. Retreating to the hall, on our right is a stall still belonging to the Trade Department in Portico Road. Here on view, and for sale, is the far-famed Golden Tip, tea from the "Tusulaya" estate, one-penny boxes of which may be purchased at ten shillings each.

Beyond these last-mentioned, a considerable space is occupied with domestic requisites, in the form of washing-machines, perambulators, mail carts, bicycles, etc.

Next to claim attention is a

Salvationist's House Furnished Throughout,

while in the corner the Outfit Department makes a good show, with sergeants, cashmeres, and ready-made garments waiting inspection. The Millinery establishment, from Luton, is here in full

swing, with bonnets trimmed and untrimmed in all sizes.

A few steps further a loom is weaving our special Army serge, while close by are specimens of our home-grown wool in every stage of the transforming process.

A display of quilts, curtains, dinner-linen, and juvenile clothing only engage our attention till our eyes catch sight of the inviting shade of the palm-covered Japanese 'Futon'. A purchase of tea from the adjoining stall entitles us to a cup of the refreshing beverage and entrance into the retreat.

Just as much devoted to business—the business of the Salvation Army—are the private-looking rows of offices in the corner, for here

Candidates

are to be interviewed, and the work of the Corps Cadets overlooked.

In front of the above is a representation of Norwegian life, the space used being encompassed by the huge jawbones of a whale.

In this enclosure stands a native hut, ornamented with reindeer horns, and also adorned by a line on which some dried fish are strung. These fish represent the staple food of the Danish peasant. Here, also, is another loom for weaving, not one generally found in peasants' houses, for it is of a pattern that has been disused for nearly one hundred years, and has only recently returned to favor and the popularity it merits, being capable of weaving any kind of material. A number of reindeer skins and fancy goods of native design are also on show.

Sweden

has a model of the Salvation Army Headquarters of that country; but few

est possible care, so delicate was their condition. To-day they are fed, clothed and educated, also instructed in various trades. In Gujarat they are taught agriculture, and in the Marathi Province, weaving. They are remarkably good children, many of them very spiritual. Some sixty are Junior Soldiers, and a number look forward to officership.

On the right of the Indian Settlement stands a Dutch homestead, with windmills and imaginary water-courses, also a representation of a Dutch farmer's kitchen; while, close at hand, curiosities of the war, collected from all parts of the globe, are on exhibition in a museum erected for the purpose. Canada shows a model of a Salvation Army Shelter in Klondike, an Indian wigwam, and a dark-skinned brother,

Tawaunk-i-Arre Indian.

The picturesque attire of the Indian present claims our attention for Italy. Here alabaster busts, majolica ware are on sale and exhibition, and among the exhibits a gondola and a gondolier. Stretching across the area occupied by the African Encampment and facing notice Denmark, with its farm-house and Danish women; while Germany represents itself in the form of Luther's room, where the great Reformer is said to have written his famous Thesis.

There is also, in connection with Germany, a quantity of German toys, some of which are made by the little German children. A mechanical railway, which runs around several yards of rails, attracts a good deal of attention from the children. There is also a very good collection of photographs for sale on this stall.

Japan is, as ever, an attractive spot. Attached to it are tea gardens. The artistic dress of the women in charge, and the background of the curious edifice in which a tea-set is always spread on a tiny table a few inches in height, makes a striking scene. There are many curious and interesting articles for sale on the stall, such as a selection of ceramics, fans, chopsticks, sandals, etc., etc.

Jamaica, with its curiously interwoven palm-leaf hut, has an entrancingly interesting collection of curios. There is what looks like fine lace work, but which we learn is the bark of some native tree. There are delicately-pretty flowers, made from ordinary fish-scales, others made from tiny shells; all sorts of interesting novelties in jars there, including preserved flowers.

Having noticed the interesting exhibits belonging to the outer circle, we now give our attention to that object of central interest—

The African Enclosure.

This is backed up with a stretch of characteristic and interesting scenery; the area is the abode of our Zulu friend, M'hambo, who, on this, has second wife to a certain extent, he brought his wife to see us, together with two other native gentlemen friends.

This enclosure represents a typical Zulu village; there are the round beehive-shaped kraals, the mud huts, the enormous smoke chimneys, and the various larger raised high in the air, where the natives keep their medicines; and to make it all more real, there is a monkey with several squirrels to keep it company.

Here M'hambo and his company, under the charge of Ensign Bradley, give displays of native life. You see them going to bed, where the woman, in true native fashion, fetches the pillows and rugs, and the men expect to be united upon. The pillows look exceedingly like small wooden footstools, and would be just about as comfortable to European ideas; but the Zulus appear to rest comfortably upon them.

After resting and reflecting we resume our stroll by ascending the stairs at the extreme end of the hall facing the main entrance to study afresh the various sections which "are but parts of one expending whole." The Women's Society Work, under the charge of Miss G. occupies a third of the gallery, and makes a very complete show.

Mrs. Booth's private offices are here, and close by a reception room, where Mrs. Booth has an "At Home" three times a week, open from four till six p.m.

Ivy House Hospital is shown in a miniature of one of the hospital wards, also a model of an Industrial Home.

A long range of stalls display a splendid collection of needlework of every description, done in the Home, including knitted goods, lace, and other needlework, stockings, house-linen, and other articles may be purchased.

Twelve Dusky Famine Children.

Twelve little ones, have been brought direct from South India, whither they were taken with some three hundred others, when the famine raged in North India. At first they required the great

The remainder of one-half of the gallery is occupied by the

Men's Social Work.

Here the Labor Bureau is represented by models of the Shelter, a Menopon, Workben, Elevator, and various industrial, also supplies of food as supplied should not fail to attract the gallery of rare and curious birds, which have awarded the silver and bronze medals at the Crystal Palace Bird Show. The Housden, of Sydnam, but to us by Mr. of the birds are on sale, the proceeds which go to Mr. Bramwell Booth's a very creditable display of work by the Junior Soldiers and many fancy articles of every description, with needlework, and otherwise. Some thirty classes of the Band of the Corporation, a different class taking part every day, a special program being prepared daily.

The work of the Salvation Army would be incomplete without some allusion to its toils in Slamdunk. Hence the "Merry Row"—a number of houses sure to be demolished by up-to-date improvements.

Here "E. Clipsem" trades as a hair-dresser, and advertises to cut children's hair, two for threehalfpence. A public-house, a pawnbroker's, an old-clothes-shop, and a Slum corps, with that source of gladness to the poor child, the street-piano-organ, complete

"Misery Row."

At the end a crowd of people have gathered—not necessarily shun folk—they are surrounding an ice cream vendor. But the preparation is by no means the ordinary mixture sold in the street, but the special preparation of a friend, made and disposed of for our benefit.

This special ice cream is presented to customers in tiny pails, with the somewhat startling injunction inscribed on the spoon, "Get ready to die," but this, happily has no reference to the ice cream!

We conclude our stroll with a visit to the Arcade Gallery, where Mr. Bevis has very kindly lent his collection of panoramic views and curiosities from the Holy Land.

Of this valuable host of treasures we can only enumerate a few. Friends will note with interest the lock in use at the present time in Damascus, yet precisely the same as used in the time of David: also some beautiful inlaid ware from the same quarters; a silver press, a silver pen, a silver mill, a silver bowl, a silver shepherd's club and a wooden sword; also a tambourine inlaid with ivory, which formerly belonged to the Sultan's harem: a number of slaughtering knives used by the Jews, of a very curious shape: an old scroll-pan of the book of Job, which was used by the Jews for a hundred years ago; Mohammedan praying beads; model of a boat for carrying the dead across the Nile; a couple of

Babylonian Bricks

with Nebuchadnezzar's stamp upon them; several cases of virgin lamps, tear-bottles, and a model of oxen ploughing.

On the other side of the Arcade Gallery is our own Photographic Department, where a vast number of Army celebrities are now on view, and photos are taken daily by our own staff of photographers.

It is only a cursory glance we have taken at a few of the wonders brought to our gaze from all quarters of the earth.

Seeing the results, we shouted "Victory!" But the living facts checked our exclamations, and pointed to the background of patient toil, suffering and sacrifice, without which nothing has ever been accomplished, and in these flowers of the heart we traced the victory to its source on Mount Calvary.

NANAIMO, B. C.—We have had some very special meetings. Brigadier Howell, Staff-Captain Galt, Adj. Bob Smith and Essie Thoriksdottir spent last week-end here. On Sunday night we had the largest crowd that has been in the barracks since Commissioner Eva Booth was here. All the officers except the Brigadier stayed for Monday and Tuesday nights. The four dances on Tuesday night, with friends, who by music and song, helped to make Tuesday night's meeting the success it certainly was. We also thank the Sons of Temperance for the loan of their new officers, Capt. J. H. Lacey, have new officers, and we are in for victory.—Bob Lathrop.

THE WAR CRY.



I.—ANCIENT GREECE.

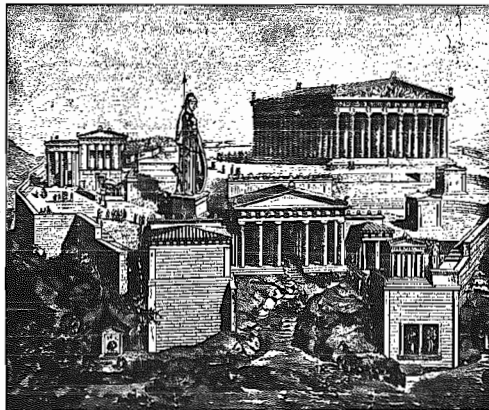
CHAPTER VI.

TYRANNY AGAINST FREEDOM.

Shortly after Solon's departure, a relative of his, Pisistratus, by strategy obtained consent to have a body-guard of 50 men, which he afterwards used to assume the power of a ruler over Athens. On the whole he ruled not badly. He formulated kind laws, among them provided State pensions for wounded soldiers, founded the first Greek library, collected the poems of Homer, etc. He ruled 33 years and made Athens content, but this was at the cost of their

his capital. The subdued Greeks of Asia Minor hated the Persian rule and longed to be free. Several of the former tyrants of Greece, who had to flee, were anxious to embroil the countrymen in war with Persia, in the hope that Darius would subdue Greece and install them as tributary rulers in their former government. Among these traitors was Histieus, who shaved a slave's head and wrote a letter with a red-hot pin upon it. When the hair had grown again he sent the man to a friend at Miletus, advising him to rise against the Persians.

The friend went to Sparta trying to induce Clomenes, the King, to help in the rebellion, but the King's little



THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

freedom. At the death of Pisistratus, his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, ruled joined, but through some personal quarrel caused a conspiracy, which ended with the death of Hipparchus and the main conspirators. Hippias ruled for a few years longer, but as the people clamored for freedom and the return to Solon's laws, he fled with his wife and family to Asia, B C. 510.

Hippias ended his life at the court of the King of Persia.

In Persia King Cyrus was now dead, after having established a great empire from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Mediterranean, with Babylon as its capital. With the conquering of Croesus nearly all the Greek colonies in Asia Minor fell.

Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, was now King of Persia, and his ambition was to spread westward, to conquer the Isles of the Aegean Sea, which were situated between the Western boundary of his empire and the Greek peninsula. The little Isle of Samos was the first to fall by treachery, its King, Polycrates, being invited to visit Asia, but upon his landing was seized and crucified. Cambyses conquered Egypt at the same time and added the same to his empire, but shortly afterwards became insane and died. After a period of unrest Darius succeeded to the Persian throne, and made Susa

daughter entered and cried, "Go away, father, this stranger will do you harm." The King took this for a warning and declined.

The Athenians listened more willingly and promised to aid their colonial brethren in obtaining their freedom. Together the Athenians, Ephesians, Milesians, and other Ionians attacked Sardis in Asia, and gained entrance. The town, however, caught fire and was quickly destroyed. Darius was furious when the report of Sardis' destruction reached him and vowed vengeance. Histieus succeeded in persuading the King to send him to quell the insurrection. He was, however, suspected of treachery, the Ionians were again rebuffed, and the king eventually conquered, he was crucified, while the fairest children of Greece were carried off to be slaves in the palace of Susa. Darius now had the one ambition to raise his troops and concentrate his forces for an attack upon the cities of Greece. Hippas undertook to show him the way.

It was a battle between the east and the west—the despotic ruler of slaves and the free citizens of Greece, mistaken and imperfect, but brave and fighting for homes and loved ones.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES OF THE EASTERN FIGHT.

HALIFAX I.—God is helping us to march forward in His strength. Adj. Mc. and wife and Capt. Lamont are getting a hold of the people. On Friday night two souls, one for the blessing of a clean heart; and on Sunday God was with us in power. In the night meeting was a boiling-over time, when four souls sought salvation through the Blood of Jesus.—Treas. Cassin.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Capt. Welch was down for Monday night's meeting. We were all pained to see her. Quite a large audience to hear her voice pleading with them to serve God. The weather is very hot and dry. Three backsliders came back to take up their cross again. We are fighting the devil and we mean to pull down his kingdom that he has in this little island and drive him out altogether. We are still praying for the victory and more souls.—R. S., C. C.

SOMERSET, Ber.—Saturday night God came very near and blessed our meeting; at the close we rejoiced in seeing one soul seeking the Saviour's pardon. On Sunday God's power was felt throughout the day. One soul came out at knee-drill and one in the afternoon meeting. Praise God! At night we fought a hard battle, but none yielded. We feel God's Spirit working among the people, and we are believing to see a break in the devil's ranks before long.—
C. E. Harrison.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—Our new Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, has paid us a most delightful visit, and a very enthusiastic welcome was accorded him. The Major was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. E. Forest, whose singing and playing on the piano was much enjoyed. The meetings were all well attended and will not soon be forgotten. In the business meeting three sisters came for sanctification. The singing and prayers were very effective, notably the one in Victoria Park on Sunday afternoon, where at least 500 people listened. We hope the Major will soon come again and bring Mrs. Pickering with him. Our new officers, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. G. Smith, have taken a good hold already and are much liked. Two children and one hecklesider came out to the penitential form last night. Others remained until a late hour, evidently convicted.—M. F. Ellis.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Welcome meeting in Royal Albert Hall, Saturday night, to Major Pickering. Hon. J. N. Armstrong, Rev. Mr. McLean (Baptist clergyman), Rev. Mr. Sharpe (of the Methodist Church) on the platform. These gentlemen, who are all warm friends of the Army, gave the Major a hearty welcome to North Sydney. The Major also led meetings all day Sunday. Beautiful knee-drill. Two souls in the Fountain Sunday night.—M. Pike.

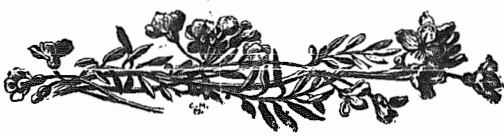
The S. A. Vista Wolfville.

On Friday evening Capt. Allen and several of the Kentville warriors drove to Wolfville for a meeting, the first time the S. A. has ever visited the town. The first business was, in finding the Mission Hall still closed, we were driven on the sidewalk, and started off for a short run. On returning the hall was soon filled and we commenced singing the hymns, and the soul-reviving hymns we have had for some time. Everyone seemed to be in sympathy with us. The bandkerchiefs were flying in the audience as well as among the ranks of the choir. The choir sang a wave offering. One spirit seemed to fill the place. Quite a number in the audience bore witness to the power of the S. A. to save, and our hearts were gladdened. The blessed S. A. has saved by three precious souls seeking the forgiveness of sins. It was good to be there and it is not strange that we are being filled with glad anticipations to come again.

—A. JESS, R. C.

A Wedding.

CARLETON, N. B., has gained two worthy soldiers of Fort William, Ont. Bro. Neil Smith, who came from there some months ago, and has helped roll the chariot along, thought he needed a partner, so we are pleased to report a Hallelujah Wedding. Sorry that Fort William has again had to suffer through losing Sister M. E. Dieckson and their loss will be our gain. We heartily welcome them to Carleton corps, and believe they will work together in the uplifting of God's Kingdom.—Treas. Mrs. Oliver.



HUSTLERS' CORNER

A "FLAT" WEEK.

DECREASES AND DEDUCTIONS.

The West Earns a "Well Done!"

ANOTHER LONE BOOMER.

Distinctly depressed is the up-to-date indication of the barometer which tells the state of the booming market. Perhaps it's the hot weather, and perhaps it's the holidays, but whatever the cause the effect has sent four Provinces from their last week's standing. Decreases for the current honor roll are the following:

West Ontario, 15.
Central Ontario, 13.
Eastern, 1.
Newfoundland, 10.

From which, as the professional detectives say, we deduct the following facts:

1st. That West Ontario is (dare we say it?) growing weary in well-doing.

2nd. That the Central is not doing equal to its opportunities. Witness its fine total of 04 of a week ago.

3rd. That the East (to put it plainly) is playing fast and loose with a fortune of booming chances. I warn it to look to its laurels as friends from the far West snatch them.

4th. That Newfoundland's improvement is too spasmodic. The loss of those ten boomers has left the land leader (who, by the way, was missing himself last week) with one other comrade in possession of the field.

Now for the silver lining. This is supplemented by the three remaining Provinces, whose list of increases is as follows:

Pacific, 13.
East Ontario, 8
North-West, 3.

Upon which we also base a few conclusions:

1st. That the Pacific appears to have profited by the hint of last week's notes. It is hard after the East, and only a few paces behind. Major Pickering, beware!

2nd. That Major Hargrave's well-known booming propensities have found scope in East Ontario, and we prophesy startling developments are long.

3rd. That the North-West has not been idle, though absent. If only it weren't for the monsoon, or whatever it is that blocks their mills (it can't be blizzard in August) the North-West would be near the top of the list in no time.

Our "lone boomer" this week hails from the Klondike. Well done, Dawson City. Lieut. Aikens' total is a credit to our work there.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Boomers.

Capt. Clark, London	223
Capt. Carr, Brantford	192
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	135
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway	130
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt	110
Lieut. Kitchen, Woodstock	107
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham	103
Cand. Foster, Petrolia	100
Lieut. Hargrave, Piquette	100
Capt. Burrows, Chatham	93
Sergt. M. Crocker, Stratford	93
Lieut. Knuckle, Stratford	83
Lieut. Crawford, Wingham	78
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	75
Capt. Sitzer, Dresden	75

Capt. Mathers, Listowel	72
Lieut. Pyto, Clinton	65
Capt. Hellman, Senfouth	65
Capt. Siote, Senfouth	65
Lieut. Hockin, Wallaceburg	65
Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	65
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock	65
Adj. McAmmond, London	65
Sergt.-Major Dearing, Hespeler	60
Capt. Green, Simcoe	60
Capt. Heuter, Clinton	55
Sister Pickle, Leamington	55
Mrs. Capt. Keeler, St. Thomas	55
Lieut. Pickle, Senfouth	50
Capt. Gibson, Goderich	50
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	50
Lieut. Gendford, Woodstock	50
Capt. Huley, Bayfield	50
Capt. McLeod, Galt	50
Sister Schmidt, Paris	44
Capt. Liston, Senfouth	42
Sergt. Allan, Mitchell	42
Mrs. Chas. Dawson, Guelph	41
Lt. Harma, Wyoming	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	40
Capt. Crank, Welland	40
Capt. Crank, Bothwell	40
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Lieut. Winters, Strathroy	40
Mrs. Adj. McFarlane, Brantford	39
Sister Schmidt, Paris	38
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	38
Treas. Graham, Thamesville	35
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	35
Bro. Bonn, Wallaceburg	35
Capt. Fell, Welland	35
Capt. McDonald, Drayton	35
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	32
Sergt. Palmer, London	31
Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	30
Mrs. Huntington, Blenheim	30
Capt. Rees, Norwich	30
Sister McQueen, St. Thomas	30
Capt. Jarvis, Theford	30
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich	30
Lieut. Hockin, Wallaceburg	30
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	30
Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim	28
Corps Cadet Jacklin, London	28
Sergt. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Sister Hargrave, Woodstock	25
Sergt. Cutting, Essex	25
Bro. Christner, Dresden	25
Lieut. Horward, Goderich	24
Adj. McFarlane, Brantford	23
Lieut. Hart, Dresden	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	23
Sergt. Butler, London	23
Annie Coppins, St. Thomas	23
Willie Mathers, St. Thomas	23
Lieut. Hockin, Wallaceburg	23
Capt. Baird, Bothwell	20
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Ensign McKeen, Woodstock	20
Capt. Copeman, Watford	20
P. S. M. Mrs. Ne. Ingersoll	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Capt. McCutchen, Leamington	20
Sister Quick, Strathroy	20
Sister Melton, Strathroy	20
Capt. Coy. Berlin	20
Bro. Ellis, Berlin	20
Mrs. McKeuzie, Windsor	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

82 Boomers.

Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	190
Capt. Connors, Belleville	180
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	160
Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	125
Lieut. Pitcher, Pembroke	121
Sergt.-Major Perkins, Barre	117
Capt. LaLonde, Morrisburg	105
Lieut. Almark, Pecton	100
Capt. French, Pecton	100
Capt. Birch, Deseronto	88
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I.	78
Lieut. Newell, Brockville	75
Lieut. Williams, Brockville	75
Capt. French, Pecton	75
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Perth	75
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	65
Capt. Beachchill, Tweed	61
Lieut. Cook, St. Johnsbury	61
Capt. Brown, Burlington	60
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	62
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	63
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	60
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	60
Capt. Brown, Burlington	60
Lieut. Ludlow, Burlington	60
Capt. Banks, Newport	60
Bro. Phillips, Barre	60
Ensign Ward, Kingston	60
Mrs. Dundas, Kingston	60
Capt. Stanforth, Cornwall	60
Capt. Owen, Gannanoque	60
Capt. Magee, Arnprior	60
Capt. Keck, Millbrook	60
Sister Smith, Kingston	60
Lieut. Carter, Bloomfield	60
Sergt. Richards, Montreal II.	60
Capt. Crezo, Brockville	60
Capt. Dawson, Kingston	60
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Campbellford	60
Cadet Weir, Gannanoque	60
Capt. Grose, Trenton	60
Capt. Green, Pictou	60
Sister Smeadon, Montreal I.	48

Mrs. Capt. Brindley, Cobourg	46
Capt. Congo, Odessa	44
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	44
Sergt. Mrs. Cooke, Ottawa	40
Bro. Rutledge, Montreal I.	40
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	40
P. S. M. Rogers, Cornwall	40
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	38
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	38
Cadet Bushey, Montreal II.	37
Mrs. Capt. Green, Pictou	32
Corps Cadet Palmer, Brockville	32
Sergt.-Major Thompson, Port Hope	32
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	31
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	31
Capt. Symonds, Cootesoke	30
Lieut. Carter, Cootesoke	30
Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	30
Hannah Davey, Napanee	29
Capt. Vance, Port Hope	27
Capt. Patten, Frencon	27
Lieut. Adams, Peterboro	25
Lizzie Phelps, Pictou	25
Sister Cadwell, Montreal I.	25
Adj. Goodwin, Montreal I.	25
Agnes Horne, Arnprior	24
Sergt. Major Comb, Arnprior	24
Sister Darling, Port Hope	24
Capt. Yake, Napanee	23
Capt. Brindley, Cobourg	21
Bro. Hersey, Barre	20
Ensign Walker, Barre	20
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	20
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	20
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III.	20
Ada Galt, Montreal II.	20
Bert August, Montreal II.	20
Rusign Hill, Belleville	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Boomers.

Sister Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	110
Capt. Matthews, Bracebridge	107
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Dundas	65
Lieut. Trickey, Richmond St.	64
Lieut. Poole, Dovercourt	63
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	62
Capt. Williams, St. Catharines	62
Capt. Kivell, Bowmanville	51
Sister Medlock, Temple	46
Sister Mrs. Bowber, Lisgar St.	50
Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Lindsay, Hamilton I.	50
Lieut. Huskinson, North Bay	50
Lieut. Stickels, Owen Sound	49
Capt. Rennie, Orillia	48
Cadet Turner, Oshawa	45
Lieut. Edwards, Little Current	45
Lieut. Liddard, Collingwood	45
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. McLeannan, Sudbury	45
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	44
Sister Bowerman, Hamilton	44
Mrs. Summers, Newmarket	41
Adj. Cameron, Barrie	40
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	40
Sister J. McQuig, Temple	38
Capt. Charlton, Lindsay	36
Capt. Lett, Oranmore	36
Capt. Bowers, Meaford	35
Capt. Darrach, Fenelon Falls	35
Sergt. Mrs. Killingbeck, Lindsay	35
Capt. McCann, Midland	34
Bro. Boyd, Midland	34
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	32
Sister Newson, Richmond St.	30
Sister Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Pattenden, Huntsville	30
Capt. Shervin, Huntsville	30
Lieut. Howcroft, Toronto Jet.	30
Capt. Fisher, Chesley	30
Sister Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Adj. Moore, Hamilton I.	29
Capt. Parker, Hamilton I.	28
Adj. Maizey, Lippincott	28
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II.	27
Capt. Lewis, Barrie	24
Sister Pearce, Richmond St.	24
Sister T. Galt, Richmond St.	25
Lieut. Titus, St. Catharines	25
Bro. Uncle George, Hamilton I.	25
Lieut. Cooper, Brampton	25
Capt. Mitchell, Brampton	25
Bro. G. Sever, Hamilton I.	25
Capt. Dales, Meaford	25
Sergt.-Major Coelius, Meaford	25
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
Lieut. Wade, Yorkville	25
Ensign Fox, Lisgar St.	25
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	24
Cadet Cardwaine, Lippincott	23
Capt. Brant, Little Current	22
Sister E. Richard, St. Catharines	22
Cadet Yanday, Lippincott	21
Sister Beals, Richmond St.	20
Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton I.	20
Sergt. Ferguson, Parry Sound	20
Sister Galt, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Davis, Sudbury	20
Capt. W. White, Oshawa	20
Bro. Glover, Owen Sound	20
Sister Mrs. Pearce, Temple	20
Cadet Yanday, Lippincott	20
Mrs. Ensign Fox, Lisgar St.	20
Sister Mrs. Acomb, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	20
Sergt. E. Campbell, Huntsville	20
Sister E. Price, Dovercourt	20

Bro. Curry, Hamilton II.	20
Capt. Clark, Hamilton II.	20
Lieut. Bond, Hamilton II.	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

68 Boomers.

Sergt. Flood, Hamilton, Ber.	140
Sergt. Miry, St. John I.	137
Cadet Wyatt, St. John I.	120
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	120
Capt. Thompson, Campbellton	110
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney	100
Dora Long, Summerside	95
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I.	89
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	75
Louisa Rogers, St. John III.	70
Cadet Murroughs, St. John I.	68
Sister Kelly, Antigonish	64
P. S. M. Varro, Charlottetown	61
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	59
Sergt. McKeuzie, New Glasgow	59
Capt. McEuchern, St. John II.	59
Sister Kelly, Antigonish, St. John III.	59
Emily White, Antigonish	55
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	52
Lieut. Smith, Fairville	51
Mrs. Matherson, New Glasgow	50
Capt. Knight, Woodstock	50
Ensign Wright, Charlottetown	50
Sister L. Sautain, Hamilton, Ber.	50
Capt. Moors, Bridgewater	45
Lizzie Fisher, Halifax I.	45
Bessie Rogers, Halifax I.	43
Sister Rogers, Hamilton	40
Capt. Tilley, Amherst	40
Lieut. Laws, Hampton	40
Lizzie Jones, St. John III.	40
Ensign Parsons, Sydney	40
Sergt. Anderson, Somerset, Ber.	40
Lieut. Leach, Stellarton	39
Lieut. Lebus, Amherst	35
Mrs. Pettis, New Glasgow	35
Maud Wilcox, Halifax I.	30
Lieut. Penbenton, St. John II.	30
Capt. Smith, Antigonish	29
Lieut. Payne, Dartmouth	29
Mrs. Finnimore, Woodstock	28
Lieut. Tudge, North Head	25
Sister Darkin, North Head	25
Lieut. Leach, Antigonish	25
Sister Place, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Sister A. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Sister T. Fisher, Halifax I.	24
Jennie McKinnon, New Glasgow	23
Sister Snow, Dartmouth	23
Mrs. Seabright, Antigonish	22
Cadet Urquhart, St. John V.	22
Sister Black, Charlottetown	22
Cand. Rogers, Canning	20
Adj. Woodman, New Glasgow	20
Lieut. Dunsmuir, John V.	20
Cadet Totten, St. John V.	20
Sergt. McIvor, Dartmouth	20
Sergt. McDove, Dartmouth	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

49 Boomers.

Capt. Quant, Rossland	190
Capt. Hooper, Kasto	150
Cadet Johnson, Spokane	136
Sister Lewis, Victoria	124
Capt. Noble, Billings	120
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewiston	105
Adj. M. Gale, Butte	95
Lieut. Betts, Westminster	82
Sister Carter, Butte	75
Capt. Krell, Revelstoke	65
Lieut. Tracey, Aukland	60
Lieut. Long, Dillon	60
Lieut. Langill, Anacanda	59
Adj. Woodman, New Glasgow	59
Capt. Bonnetto, Nelson	46
Sister Wallander, Rossland	45
Adj. Stevens, Spokane	45
Lieut. E. Gain, Bozeman	43
Adj. Knapton, Kamloops	40
Lieut. Ziebarth, Kamloops	40
Sister Bury, New Whatcom	38
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	37
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman	36
Capt. Wood, Kamloops	36
Sister Sutherland, Helena	30
Bro. Whitworth, Helena	30
Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	30
Sister Trill, Livingston	30
Bro. Hutchinson, Spokane	30
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Kamloops	30
Sister Rowe, Butte	25
Lieut. Lloyd, Butte	25
Sister Malby, Victoria	25
Capt. Terrence, Westminster	25
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	24
Lieut. Nesbitt, Trail	24
Sister Smith, Trail	23
Sister Smith, Kamloops	23
Sister Smith, Livingston	23
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, New Whatcom	23
Sergt. Glenn, Helena	23
Cadet Carleton, Bolt	20
Sister Smith, Butte	20
Sister Munroe, Livingston	20
Capt. Scott, Spokane	20
Lieut. Gravett, Sheridan	20
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	20
Sister Turnbull, Revelstoke	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

42 Roomers.

Mrs. Adj. Barr, Fargo	102
Cadet E. Custer, Winnipeg	80
Capt. Mitchell, Lehigh	80
Lieut. Emberton, Emerson	80
Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake	80
Pather Cook, Grafton	78
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks)	65
Cadet McLeod, Prince Albert (av. 2 wks)	65
Lieut. Russell, Moose Jaw (av. 2 wks)	65
Capt. Clark, Widen	64
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William	60
Cadet Ferguson, Minot	60
Lieut. E. Anderson, Jamestown	59
Lieut. Woodworth, Carleary	59
Cadet W. Custer, Winnipeg	59
Capt. Broster, Valley City	59

A NORTH-WESTERN
QUARTETTE.

FRAT PORTAGE.—Ensign Ottawa, G. B. M. B. Agent, arrived last Wednesday, and, although unexpected, was welcomed by officers and soldiers. On Friday night two sons, one for salvation the other for the blessing of a clean heart. Saturday evening Ensign Ottawa gave a lantern service, "Set Free to Serve," which was enjoyed by all. Good meetings all day Sunday.—M. E. H., R. C.

PORT WILLIAM.—Capt. Dwyer and Lloyd have farewelled, and Capt. Livingston and Lieut. Forsberg have taken charge here. We had Ensign Ottaway with us from Thursday till Monday night. Glorious time all day Sunday.

Three comrades out for sanctification, one brother for salvation on day, and one sister for salvation on day. Soldiers shouting happy.—S. J. nedy, Reg. Cor.

Twenty Souls.

ANNAH CIRCLE.—Just closed six Camp Meetings. God has been using us a wonderful time and twenty have been saved. Capt. Brander, Lt. Wilcox, and J. S. Scott—Major I were over from Morden. Captain D gave great assistance with his lie. It did us good to see souls com-

ing out to the penitent form, especially one young man, who led out his wife with her little baby in her arms.—F. H. Brown, Capt.

A Hindoo March.

LETHBRIDGE.—A flying visit from Ensign Burton, our New D. O., enabled us to have a special meeting on Wednesday night. Although no actual results were shown, we believe the seed that was sown will spring up within the hearts of some present at a future time. The past week has been one of blessing. On Tuesday we had a Hindoo meeting and march in costume. The Hindoo choruses rendered by the soldiers deserve special mention; taking everything into consideration between that of a Hindoo and a Canadian "North-West." Sunday meetings, from 7 a.m. the blessing of God poured down upon us. Holiness meeting found two brothers kneeling at the foot of the Cross. Our H. P. is now being pushed to make it not only a financial success, but one for the extension of God's Kingdom and bringing before the people the realities of salvation.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

Without care and diligence thou shalt never get virtue.

+++

He who shameth not small faults falleth little by little into greater.



JUDGE STANDISH, GRAND FORKS, N.D.

General Standish is Ex-Attorney General of the State of North Dakota, and now Commander of the Grand Army Post in Grand Forks, N. D. For years he has been considered one of the foremost advocates and writers of political reform movements in the North-West. He is also a clinical de-

pendant of Capt. Myles Standish, of Plymouth Rock fame.

Speaking of our work, the Judge says: "I have closely watched the work and the results of the work of the Salvation Army for years, and I consider it one of the most beneficial religious organizations that we have, and I wish it well everywhere."

J. S. SUPPLIES.

J. S. Rolls	each, 10c.
" Cartridge Rolls	" 15c.
" Cash Book	" 15c.
" Sergeant-Major's Book	" 15c.
" Company Register	" 5c.
" Cartridges	per 100, 10c.
" Reward Cards	" 35c.
" Text Tickets	per pkg., 25c.

ALSO

NEW MARKED TESTAMENT,

Limp binding, good clear type, and the most important verses and passages underlined in red ink.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

Send orders to Provincial Officer, or write

THE TRADE SECRETARY,
18 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

THE CENTRAL PROVINCE
IS MARCHING ON.

BRAMPTON.—We have had a visit from Capt. Penock and Bro. McCartney for the week-end. A nice crowd of people attended the meetings, which were times of blessing and power.—M. M.

PARRY SOUND.—We have good crowds and good collections. We find with us on Sunday Adj. Scott, from Bracebridge, and enjoyed good meetings, in which the Spirit of God was felt.—Mrs. H. F. Reg. Cor.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Our beloved Commissioner has come and gone. We believe the town was shaken and sleepers were awakened. The result of the meetings is still being felt. One middle-aged man spoken to personally in the meetings has been in one several times since, troubled in his soul. He has never professed anything, and has promised to get saved. Good meetings all the week, and at the close of last night's meeting seven more knelt at the Cross, four for salvation, and three unchained—four young people.—G. M., Corps Cor.

Souls Saved at the Queen City.

RICHMOND STREET. Major and Mrs. Turner led on the Richmond Street braves on Sunday. Three recruits were enrolled and two seekers came to the Mercy Seat. Capt. Ross, after five months' fighting here, and good bye for Yorkville. Capt. Nelson welcomed Monday night. Did you say, Mr. Editor, you wondered if Richmond St. would do anything for H. P.? I wish you could have been at the soldiers' meeting last night and seen the interest with which all took it up. N. R. Trickey, Lieut.

YORKVILLE. Beautiful meeting on Friday night. One sister forward for salvation. Got beautifully saved. On Sunday, gave a glowing testimony. Yorkville, by the help of the Almighty, will get

"Nearer heaven, nearer the Throne of grace,
Filled with God, then sinners shall be saved."

A. Rowe, Capt.

RIVERVIEW.—We are still fighting on the field of battle. The fighting is tough, but God is near. Adj. and Mrs. Adams spent the week-end with us. It cheered us up quite a bit. Edwin Wyman is very sick and needs the prayers of all the comrades.—Capt. Redburn.

LINGAR ST. Saturday night a drunken man knelt at the drum head. Yes, everybody passing by was surprised at such a sight. He was out to four meetings on Sunday. On the platform at night, and testified to what God had done for him. Sunday night two others found salvation. (Praise God!) We are fresh courage and press on. We do thank God for open-air meetings, it makes fighting soldiers. Sergt. Mrs. Ritchie.

A NEWFOUNDLAND
TRIPLET.

TWILLINGATE. Good time all day Sunday. God came very near and honored us with one soul at night and one on Wednesday, making two for the week. The majority of the people are away, yet Jesus is the same. War Crys sold out every week. Ensign and Mrs. Cooper are taking hold in good style. Emma Ashford, Capt.

Seventeen Prisoners Taken.

DILLON. The war is still raging. A tough engagement took place on Sunday night. Brave fighting was done on both sides, but the enemy was routed at last. His position taken, seventeen prisoners captured and greatly rejoiced in the sin pardoning God. This makes a total of forty in two months, including seven Juniors. R. J. Bennett, Capt. W. J. Ford, Lieut.

She Came for Fun.

GREENSBORO. We had a phoog time at the outpost on Monday night. One brother walked over top miles to be present. Another woman said she came to laugh and have some fun, but the Spirit's power took hold of her. The result was she had wonderfully saved and went home rejoicing in God's making 20 souls since last report. Ensign Brown.

BARRE, VT.—We are glad to report victory. Two out for salvation. Our comrades at Graniteville have a prayer meeting every Friday night with Bro. Welsh. They report good meetings. We have commenced preparations for H. P., and by the time this gets in print we expect to have gained a sweeping victory. Our faith is as large as the target.—Zacchous.

ALGOQUIN.—Had a beautiful meeting on Wednesday night, also a wonderful ice cream social. The soldiers and friends helped us out splendidly. One kind friend loaned us his horse and rig free of charge, to do all our herring. God bless him.—D. Newell.

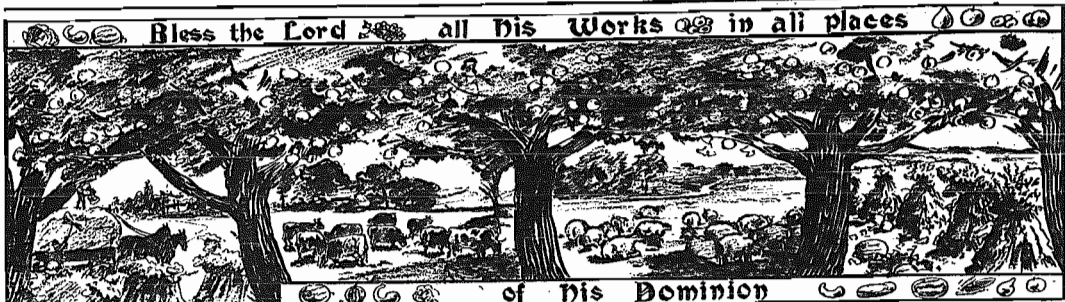
OTTAWA.—To Major Hargrave, our Provincial Chief, was given a warm reception on the occasion of his first visit here, on Saturday evening. Major led the meetings all day Sunday. We spent a soul-refreshing time together, while sinners and backsliders felt rather uncomfortable under the Major's straight Gospel talk. One soul for holiness. Previous to the Major's visit our report is four souls for salvation, with one seeking holiness. Capt. Rowe has also been with us on special business. Sergt. French.

COBOURG.—Spent Sunday in this old historical town. Found Sergt-Major Mitchell, Mrs. Brindley and myself doing a service in the county jail from 8 to 10 a.m., when about 60 of a congregation listened to our testimony and song. The meetings in the open-air and barracks were very good, but the indifference seems quite prevalent.—Capt. Devin Brindley.

He who is living without discipline is exposed to grievous ruin.

+++

He who speaketh easier and lighter discipline shall always be in distress, because one thing or another will give him displeasure.



A Thanksgiving Song for the Holiness Meeting.

Tunes.—Stella (B.J. 25); Friend of Sinners (B.J. 56).

1 To Thee, O Lord of earth and sky,
With grateful hearts we now draw nigh,
For all the fruits Thy generous soil
Hath yielded in return for toil.
We want henceforth our lives to be
All faithful in good works for Thee.

We thank Thee that Thou takest heed
To all Thy creatures' daily need;
That over us, on sea or land,
Has daily been Thy bounteous hand.
We want henceforth our lives to be
Filled up with grateful work for Thee.

While heartfelt thanks to Thee ascend,
With them new vows for war we blend,
Determined in Thy strength to go
And live for Thee 'gainst every foe.
Henceforth each day our lives shall be
Filled both with work and war for Thee.

Make us more earnest souls to save,
As hourly we approach the grave;
So that if ere this time next year
We should before Thy Throne appear,
With joy we may Thy glory see
Because till death we fought for Thee.

A Splendid Selection for the Band.

GET READY FOR THE HARVEST HOME.

Tune.—God's harvest time (B.J. 194).

2 Glorious, great, grand day, when
Heaven proclaims
God's final harvest home.
When He shall send His angels forth
To gather us every one!
What hopes and fears, what joys and
tears,
What gladness and despair,
Shall mingle then as we're gathered in
And our everlasting sentence hear!

Chorus.

Prepare, prepare, prepare!
Make ready for the harvest home;
Prepare, prepare, prepare!
Be ready when His reapers come.

What a testing day to the souls of God
When faults alone remain;
When beneath the stroke of His thresh-
ing rod

The husks will leave the grain!
Then He will stand with His fan in His
hand
And drive all chaff away.
All of outside show, so much prized be-
low,

So that fruit, good fruit, alone shall
stay.

What a dreadful day!—most awful day!
To sinners dead in sin;
Who now as tares with wheat do grow,
Thus hoping heaven to win!

They come and go as the righteous do,
But bear no heavenly fruit;
For as tares they remain for ever the
same.

Till then from the wheat God shall
uproot.

Oh, then let each one just now
thought,
What shall my harvest be?
Shall I as tares or wheat remain
Through all eternity?
If tares I yield, though in the field
In which the wheat does grow,
Lord, now at Thy feet, change me
when,
That my fruits henceforth Thy gl-
ory show.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

3 Sowing in the morning, sowing in
the evening,
Sowing in the noontide and the d-
eaves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the
time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing
in the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in
the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in
shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor win-
chilling breeze;
By-and-bye the harvest, and the
ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bring-
ing the sheaves.

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing
Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit
often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us
welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the
Salvation Army, printed and pub-
lished by John M. C. Horn, 8,
Printing House, 18 Albert Street,
Toronto.

A Song for the Harvest.

(Soprano Solo) Words and Music by Florence B. Jones.

